

MARCH 26, 1954

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# Coronet



Read

**MY HUSBAND  
HAD AN  
"OFFICE WIFE"**

page 118

—Elisabeth Smith

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# Coronet

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John Barrymore, Stage Hamlet



Laurence Olivier, Screen Hamlet

## Their Greatest Role

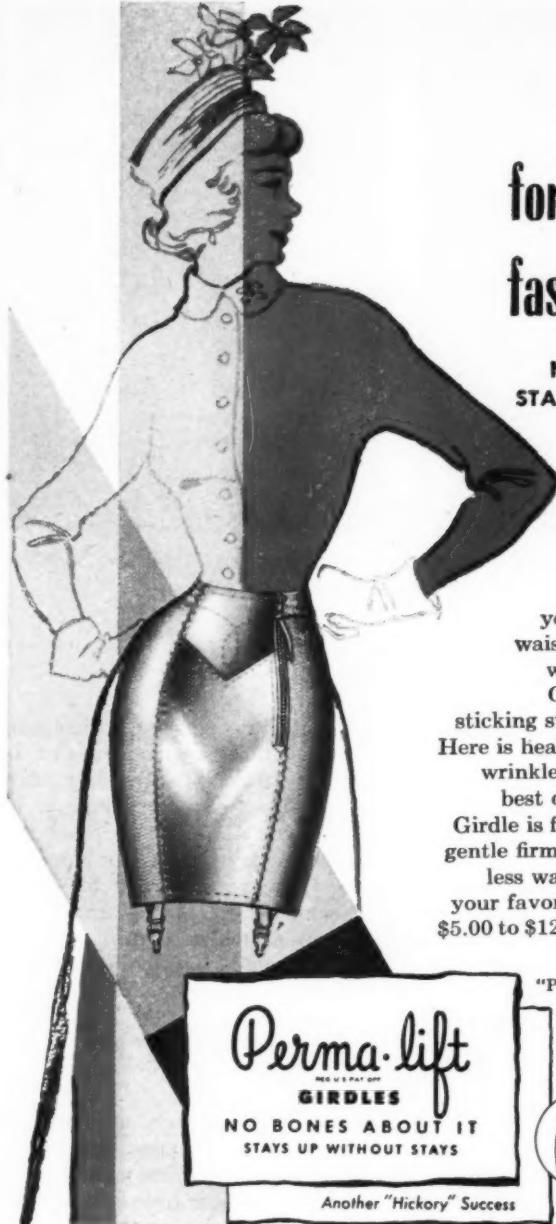
**H**AMLET, PRINCE of Denmark," has stood for more than three centuries as the greatest tragedy ever written in the English language. The flights of its magnificent poetry, and the depths of its psychological study of a man tormented by doubt and indecision have challenged thousands of actors. Yet truly great performers of Shakespeare's play are rare.

In 1922, the late John Barrymore, considered by many to be America's finest actor, opened in Hamlet. His eloquent, intense interpretation of the Prince has been compared to a witnessed miracle. For he commanded the stage as a fiery, poetic figure in a role that assured him theatrical immortality.

**T**ODAY, A NEW HAMLET has come out of England. Where thousands witnessed Barrymore's inspired performance, millions will see Sir Laurence Olivier's magnificent, haunting motion-picture version of the immortal tragedy.

Released by the camera from the physical confinements of the stage, Olivier performs in a setting of soaring, misty grandeur. Yet, to the somber ramparts of Elsinore Castle, the setting of Shakespeare's play, he brings a brooding quality that would be lost on a stage. His is a living Hamlet, real as flesh.

One of the greatest figures in the theater today, Laurence Olivier has achieved with Hamlet a triumph of the motion-picture art.



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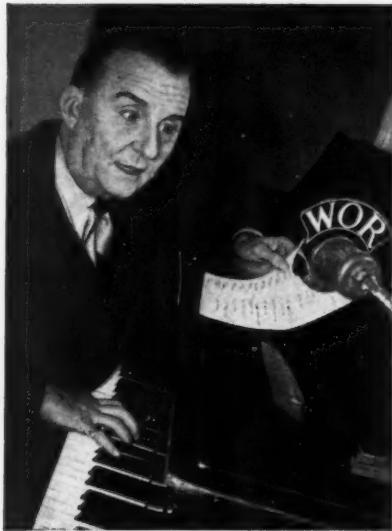
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## Dial the Sandman

**H**ELLO, BOYS AND GIRLS, this is your Uncle Don." For 24 years these words have opened radio's top kid show over the Mutual System. "Uncle Don" is a ruddy, 210-pound, combined disc jockey and storyteller named Don Carney. In his marathon radio run, he has totaled some 9,000 broadcasts of music and hijinks beamed at the bike and baby-doll set.

A Midwesterner, Don spins yarns in a drawly voice, plays records, reads the comic strips, and admonishes school tots not to play hookey and to obey their parents.

His preoccupation with make-believe extends even to the program's theme song, which begins: "Hibbidy gits has-ha ring boree."

**A** FRECKLE-FACED television actor on NBC's network is fast becoming one of America's most-talked-about heroes. Last year, his popularity won for him more than 22,000 postcard votes for the Presidency; he receives 200 to 300 fan letters a week, and he recently had a plane named after him.

Television's boy wonder is a 27-inch-high puppet named Howdy Doody—star of one of the nation's ten most-popular telecasts.

Created by Bob Smith, a veteran M. C., Howdy Doody is the idol of the youthful television fans, who write him enthusiastic letters, take his advice about repairing and giving away broken toys, and organize Howdy Doody Clubs.

# Madeleine Swenson's smile wins a passport to a bright new world!



**Madeleine Swenson, French War Bride,** was a Paris manicurist when an American soldier fell in love with her smile. Two years later, she was one of France's most popular cover girls . . . and on her way to Iowa, to marry her soldier fiance, Warren Swenson.

Madeleine's cover-girl fame came after Warren returned to the U. S. and sent her—in her words—"always your wonderful Pepsodent." "I thank Pepsodent today for my big chance," Madeleine says. "Always now, my smile is a Pepsodent Smile!"

## The smile that wins is the Pepsodent Smile!

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ANOTHER FINE  
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MEMORABLE MAKE-BELIEVE:

## *A Connecticut Yankee*

WHEN MARK TWAIN was a boy, and known as Sam Clemens, a measles epidemic struck his Mississippi River town and quarantine was invoked. Little Sam stood it as long as he could; then he slipped into bed with splotched Willie Bowen. He almost died of measles, but Sam was satisfied. He had enjoyed the "thrill" of quarantine.

Typical of the West, Mark Twain wanted to try everything. He traveled across the prairies and through the cities of the growing land. He piloted a river boat, mined silver and gold. Only then did he begin to record his experiences in vivid word portraits of America.

Catapulted into the literary spotlight, he stayed there for 45 years. Such works as *Tom Sawyer* and *Huckleberry Finn* are epics of America's growth, poetic in feeling, yet abounding in humor and truth.

But it was Twain's sly digs at false dignity and silly fashion that endeared him to the nation. When he poked fun at heightened manners, all America laughed with him.

Twain didn't think that his books would live. Yet, today, they are among the world's most popular. Paramount Pictures' version of *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court*, starring Bing Crosby as Hank Martin, is further testament to the affection in which America holds its topmost folk-writer.



1. Thrown by his horse in 1905, Hank awakens in the court of King Arthur (Sir Cedric Hardwicke) in 528.



4. Though Hank wins King Arthur's ear—and respect—with 20th-century witchcraft, Merlin strikes back.



2. A resourceful Yankee, Hank winks at the King's niece, Alixande (Rhonda Fleming), and romance begins.



3. But the royal sorcerer, wicked Merlin (Murvyn Vye), fears the wily stranger and has him put in chains.



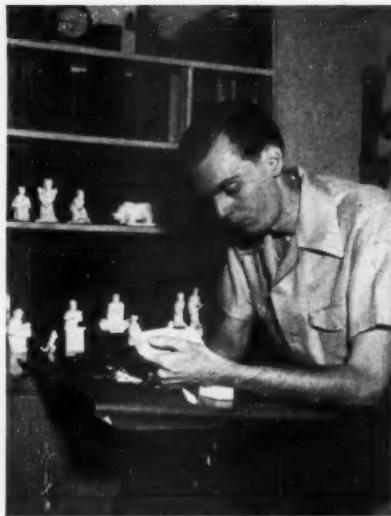
5. Then Hank's staunchest friend, Sagramore (William Bendix), comes to his aid. The villains are bested.



6. Love triumphs, both in 528 and 1905, for movie magic brings the lovely Alixande to Connecticut.



Ice Sculptor



Soap Sculptor

## From Ice to Soap

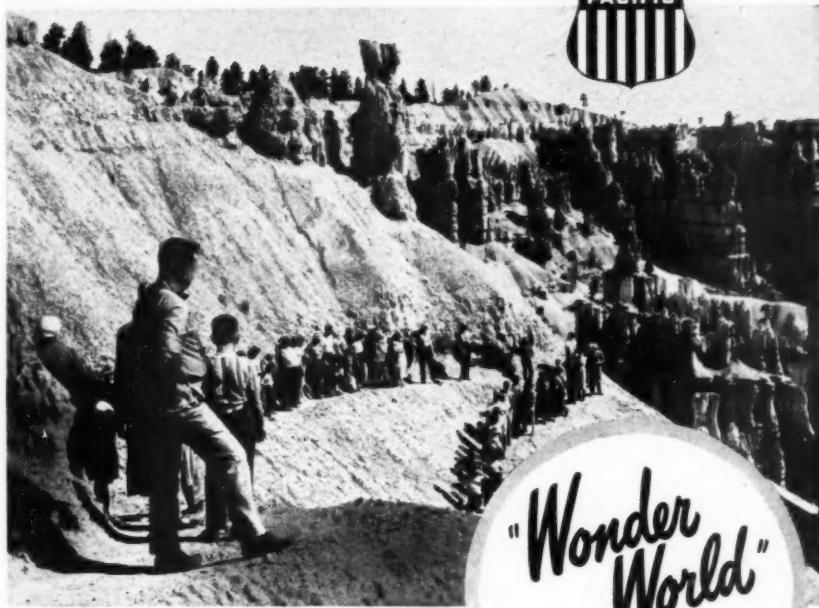
IT IS NEITHER DEROGATORY nor inaccurate to refer to Ben Bimstein of Brooklyn, N. Y., as a cold-blooded chiseler. As an ice sculptor, he must quite literally be both.

To provide decorations for banquets and parties, Bimstein carves figures from blocks of ice totaling 1,000,000 pounds a year. His statues vary according to the whim of his customers, with his greatest triumph to date a ten-foot figure of Santa Claus in red-dyed ice.

Dressing lightly, but taking care to keep his feet, neck and hands warm, Bimstein has only one worry: his appetite. It seems that ice carving, for some reason, induces ravenous hunger, so he sits down to a full meal every two or three hours.

IN THE HANDS OF Robert Jensen of La Habra, California, an ordinary bar of soap becomes a work of art. Jensen, who took up soap sculpturing when he was confined to his home with a heart ailment, doesn't carve his amusing statuettes at random. He selects down-to-earth characters and situations, checking every detail for authenticity in his extensive library. Then he sketches his conception of the finished work, outlining the sketch on the bar of soap before he starts the actual carving process.

Outstanding among his caricatures sold in department stores are his organ grinder with monkey, his singing quartette, and his collection of animal figures.



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## With Time as a Partner

**C**AMBODIA, ONE OF THE two remaining kingdoms of Indo-China, harbors traditions centuries old. The dance in this tiny state is interwoven with the glory of the ancient Khmer kings who lived in the days when Angkor Wat, now overgrown by jungle, was a teeming city almost as large as New York.

Each movement of the body and delicate hands of the dancer has special meaning to the audience. Gestures are so highly conventionalized that pictures which reproduce them exactly are discovered on temples more than a thousand years old.

The dancer above is dressed to represent a lion—guardian of the road to the royal palace where she performs her ancient art.

**Y**ET, THOUGH THE ancient dances are painstakingly studied and exquisitely performed, they lack the creative spark of modern dance. Today, dancers like 27-year-old Lin Pei-Fen bring freshness and originality to interpretive Oriental dancing. A graduate of Ginling College in China, a sister college of Smith in America, Miss Lin was, until recently, entirely self-taught. Her technique is based on Chinese boxing, but her dances bear such imaginative names as "Chinese Warrior's Dance," "Gossip" and "Heaven Show Me My Way."

Currently on tour in the United States, Miss Lin has dressed the ancient culture of her native land in the costumes of today.

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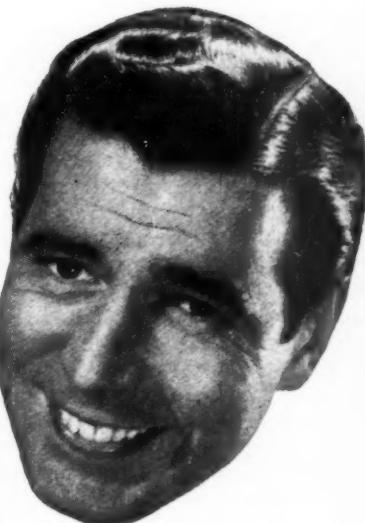
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Fred Taggart



Dr. Patricia O'Connor

## Zooticians

**T**o MANICURE A MONKEY or polish a tortoise might seem rather preposterous to you, but it's routine work for the zoo keeper. He plays beautician to the birds and beasts in his care—keeping hippopotamuses handsome, giraffes gorgeous and elephants elegant for their daily appearances before the public. Some beauty measures are health measures too, such as cod-liver oil doses or the removal of ticks and mites from harassed hides.

But other operations are purely cosmetic in nature. For example, Fred Taggart, headkeeper of reptiles at the Bronx Zoo in New York, demonstrates the primping procedure for tortoises—a rubdown with special polish for the shell.

**A** BIT MORE SPECIALIZED is Dr. Patricia O'Connor's job of giving first aid to ailing animals. She claims to be the nation's only woman zoo veterinarian, and has treated, among other complaints, a snake's ulcer, a turtle's tumor and arthritis in an African civet cat.

Dr. O'Connor, shown here about to extract a chimpanzee's molar, decided to become an animal doctor at the tender age of six when she began nursing neighbors' sick dogs and cats. Until she took her present position as veterinarian at the Staten Island Zoo, she had treated only domesticated animals, but the zoo's wild creatures, like the pets of her childhood days, seem to sense that she is trying to help them.

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# Queens of the Seven Seas

THE TALL CLIPPERS and square-rigged ships that once crowded the harbors of New England have now almost vanished from the seas. Gone, too, are the wooden figureheads, elaborately carved, that once graced the bows of sailing vessels throughout the world.

Historians are disagreed on the origin of these curious talismans of good fortune. Some believe that they sprang from primeval times when a fallen tree trunk was the only ship. The tangled roots suggested symbolic figures at the "prow" of these impromptu vessels.

Whatever their actual origin, records as early as 700 B.C. show that the bows of ships were finished off into likenesses of birds and monsters. The early Greeks used animal heads as battering rams on their men-of-war, and Roman galleons carried gods.

Mystery surrounds many figureheads in existence today. Lending credence to the superstition that they are possessed of immortality, many figures survive ships unknown or forgotten. The figurehead of Sir Galahad, owned by the Seaman's Church Institute of New York, has been the subject of years of speculation and intensive research—yet even today its origin is lost among the traditions of a gallant and romantic era.



1. Many a Victorian sailing ship carried a lifelike replica of the lady for whom the craft was named.



4. This mermaid was recently excavated from the ruins of Bluebeard's Castle in the Virgin Islands.



2. Collectors' items today, new and restored figureheads are still found on private yachts and sailing vessels.



3. The 19th century, remembered for its sentimentality, was the heyday of romantically inspired figureheads.



5. Many figureheads have made their final port of call The Mariner's Museum, Newport News, Virginia.



6. Beautiful examples of the carver's art, these genteel voyagers are true Queens of the Seven Seas.



Samuel Stochek



William Glass

## Men Behind Music

**W**HAT SECRET did the violin makers of Cremona build into the famed Stradivarius instruments? Samuel Stochek, modern master of the craft, believes one clue is the "aging in wood" that these violins have undergone in 200 years.

Today, Stochek combs centuries-old New England houses for long-seasoned planks. Then he fashions "pre-aged" violins.

Modern fiddles—thanks to such improvements as sound-posts and longer bass bars—can withstand 25 pounds more pressure than the violins of the ancients.

Stochek's masterpieces are played by concert and symphony artists, who pay \$1,500 and up for the beautifully toned instruments.

**N**OT LONG AGO, DANCERS at a Miami casino stopped in awe when a new band took the stand. Each musician carried a transparent instrument which he proceeded to play with the greatest of ease. The originator of this unusual band is William Glass, who for more than a decade has been making instruments of plastic "glass." His transparent "Symphony in Glass" now includes violins, cello, piano, guitar, clarinets and bass violin.

Glass cuts parts from sheets of plastic, shapes them over wooden forms and then cements them together. Experts say there is no difference between the tonal qualities of Glass' "glass" instruments and conventional models.

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Helen Hayes and Mary



Jack Holt and Tim

## In the Steps of Stars

THE DECISION to make a career of Acting is a difficult one for the children of stars. Following in the footsteps of a famous parent would appear, at first glance, to be the royal road to recognition. Too often, however, it proves instead to be the slippery path to quick oblivion. For few youngsters can survive the inevitable comparisons with Mom or Pop.

However, the theater being a fickle and unpredictable *grand dame*, there are always exceptions to the rule. Helen Hayes, often referred to as the First Lady of the Stage, has introduced her daughter, Mary MacArthur, to the footlights in summer stock. From now on, says Miss Hayes, the future is up to Mary.

IN THE MOVIE COLONY, another famous parent has voiced the same opinion. Jack Holt, a star since the days of silent pictures, takes great pride in the rise of his son, Tim, to stardom. From the beginning, Tim won recognition without a helping hand from father. Today, the Holts are prominent on the roster of Hollywood notables.

Some 13 years older than his Broadway counterpart, Mary MacArthur, Tim has nearly 40 screen roles to his credit. Both have had the distinction of playing opposite their parents. Mary played her mother's daughter in *Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire* on the stage, while Jack and Tim Holt are co-starred in their latest picture, *The Arizona Ranger*.



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Creating Baby Snooks

## She Couldn't Make Them Cry

AS A CHILD, FANNY BRICE used A to walk on the Coney Island boardwalk in crushed and lonely fashion. To passers-by, she confided that she had lost her car-fare, and how far was it, please, to Brooklyn? She got sympathy then—and money for all the hot dogs she could eat. "I had them crying," she reminisces, "and I loved it."

But in 1910, the great Ziegfeld made her a top comedienne in the *Follies*. Then, one night, he said to her: "Can you make them cry?" and he handed her the song that

became a legend, always linked to Fanny's name—*My Man*.

But Fanny's audiences kept pleading for her devastating mimicry, and Fanny yielded.

At a party in 1921, she had invented the incorrigible Baby Snooks. When she brought Snooks to radio, the shrill cry of "Why-y-y, Daddy?" echoed from millions of sets all over America.

For a fleeting moment, Fanny had made them cry. But with Snooks' success, she accepted laughter as her permanent trade-mark.

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# 12 things to remember

1. The value of time
2. The success of perseverance
3. The pleasure of working
4. The dignity of simplicity
5. The worth of character
6. The power of kindness
7. The influence of example
8. The obligation of duty
9. The wisdom of economy
10. The virtue of patience
11. The improvement of talent
12. The joy of originating

—MARSHALL FIELD I

# Men Who Need Your Friendship



by FRANK HOGAN and SUMNER MOULTON

THOUSANDS OF HANDICAPPED veterans scattered throughout America are desperately in need of help today. Not medical, therapeutic or economic help, but a type of aid that our government, even though its veterans are the best cared for in the world, cannot buy. These men need the priceless gift of friendship—the kind of warm and human friendship that only *you* can give them.

Of course, not all the nation's disabled vets have been "forgotten." Many are receiving that extra measure of care and personalized attention that they so urgently need. But there are many more who would gratefully welcome the sound of *your* voice, the sight of *your* face, if you were a member of the more

than 300 organized groups which are now taking care of ex-GIs with rehabilitation programs.

These groups are proud of the triumphs they have achieved. There was, for example, the embittered Southern youth who was transformed from an apathetic patient into one who fought to get well, after a band of volunteer workers brought his only friend—an unpedigreed dog—from a far-off city, kennelled it near the hospital and escorted it to his bedside every day.

There was the litter patient who clenched his teeth against food which the nurses offered but ate the same dishes with relish when they were tendered by civilian volunteers. There was the sullen, dispirited youngster who cared noth-

ing for his personal appearance until an attractive girl office worker started visiting and reading to him on Tuesday nights. Soon he was almost a Beau Brummel.

These stories—and hundreds like them—prove that you can build up a physically wrecked body or break down a bitter mental curtain through simple human kindness. They also prove that many Americans have forgotten the day, only a few years ago, when the men returning from a global war heard a nation shouting: "Welcome home . . . welcome home! We'll never forget you!"

If you had stood in a cheering crowd on a banner-decked pier when the troops came home, you would have watched laughing, waving GIs swarm down the gangplank and kneel to kiss the American earth. But in ensuing months, you would have heard no cheers or laughter as returning battle casualties were carried and led ashore.

That tough-looking kid from Brooklyn, who was guided down the gangplank, didn't notice the silent welcome. He hadn't noticed anything for six months, since his invasion barge had been hit at Iwo Jima. Since then, he had been silent, too.

And what about the fellow on the stretcher right behind him? His mind was clear—clear as the Colorado air he knew before the war; clear as the memory of an exploding land mine can be—clear enough to know that although he had neither arms nor legs, he was lucky in a way. He, at least, could see the crowd.

The next veteran would never see his Idaho mountains again. He

was blind. Now he depended on sound alone . . . and there was no sound except the hollow shuffle of feet on the gangplank. There was no crowd to shout: "Welcome home, we'll never forget you! . . ."

**G**Eneral OMAR BRADLEY, former Administrator of Veterans' Affairs, who knew that America in 1919 had solved its veterans' problem with indifference, was determined that this should not happen again. "Americans don't mean to forget," he said. "They have never failed to answer a call for friendship."

His determination that America must remember was pointed up by a file on his desk. It contained recommendations for the care of veterans of World War II; statements of doctors who had worked to solve the problems of rehabilitation; case histories which told how civilian friendship had aided in restoring veterans to health and usefulness.

Bradley turned to an aide and said: "We've got to get normal, healthy people to remember the hospitalized veterans."

"That should be easy, General."

"Not as easy as you think," countered Bradley, "because we need folks who will do something about remembering the veteran—not just for a day, month or year, but for 365 days a year."

Bradley meant people like the 75-year-old woman in Oakland, California, who says: "There's not much I can do except sit and sew and talk. But that's what I do at the hospital every day. The fellows call me 'Mom.' It's been many years since I had so many children to care for."

Bradley needed people he could

rely on to come at a certain time every week to feed a vet or write a letter for him or do his shopping or just talk with him. He needed people who would get to know the men's likes and dislikes, their tastes in sports, reading or music.

But to bring this kind of friendship to an increasing number of hospitalized veterans called for a highly organized program. And thus, the Veterans Administration Voluntary Services was born in 1946. At the initial meeting of the National Advisory Council in Washington, Bradley faced the representatives of six veteran and welfare organizations and outlined the aims of "Operation Friendship."

"What is called the 'Veterans' Problem' is a myth," they were told. "There are as many different problems as there are veterans. There will always be hospitals. And there will always be patients in those hospitals who need that extra measure of personalized attention that means so much to the human heart."

The VA, determined to overcome civilian indifference, based its Voluntary Services Plan of Organization on many a successful wartime drive. It called for organization on three levels—national, local and hospital. At that time, six organizations were represented on the National Committee, 123 at the local level, but only a handful of volunteers at hospital level. Soon, the VAVS program met with widespread support.

Broadwayites attending the preview of one of the season's biggest hits were told that all seats on both sides of the center aisles were reserved for ambulatory veterans and their companions. In Waco, Texas,



1,000 patients were thrilled by having a full-fledged horse show brought onto the hospital grounds. In Colorado and Massachusetts, volunteers organized fishing parties for local patients and were richly rewarded when the anglers agreed: "We've got the world on a string when we cast our lines into a well-stocked trout stream."

In all parts of the country, the ranks of volunteer nurses' assistants, chaplains' aides, library workers and sports coaches were swelled until today there are 36 organizations represented on the Advisory Committee, with more than 300 organizations participating at local levels and some 65,000 volunteers at hospital levels.

Although the ever-growing army of volunteer workers may or may not belong to national organizations, none of them are flighty females seeking an escape from neuroses or amateurs at the job they are doing. Each has been given a thorough indoctrination course, in addition to training-on-the-job under the supervision of professional VA employees.

The electrical worker in Louisville who rigged up a special scoreboard so veterans might follow the World Series knows that you mustn't whisper in the presence of patients. Men and women in Tennessee, who take paralyzed veterans bowling one night a week, have been taught to cope with the "wrong look." As

one vet said: "The first time they took me out, so many people stared that I wanted to run and hide. But that's all over now. People on the outside have gotten used to seeing battle-scarred fellows like me."

Civilian groups in Kansas, who take blind veterans to bowling alleys equipped with a buzzer at the far end to give the patient a sense of direction, know that everyone who comes in contact with an injured veteran can help or hurt him. Members of a men's club in New Jersey and a women's club in California who donated a golf course to hospitalized vets—the women in New York who donated chaise longues on which tubercular vets could sun themselves—the folks on the West Coast who take patients for week ends on their yachts—everyone who comes in contact with hospitalized men knows that he is part of a team.

They take instructions from coaches—doctors, nurses, paid VA personnel—and the results of the teamwork are heart-warming. Doctors report results in terms of reactions and response patterns.

"The outdoor picnic sponsored by the ladies' group was followed by three or four days when most men's morale was noticeably higher" . . . "Mentally ill patients who participate in the sports program show remarkable improvement" . . . "The patients were in high spirits following the first fishing trip" . . . "These activities stimulate self-respect and, above all, turn the patient's life into the more healthful interests of the outside world."

How do the veterans themselves react to the friendship offered by normal, healthy people? Let the

tough-looking kid from Brooklyn tell you, as he rides back from a fishing trip. "It's the best medicine I've ever had—a chance to have some fun with well people." The Colorado lad without arms or legs says, "Gee, it's swell of you to come and help me eat!" And the blind boy from Idaho gets a real kick out of bowling—*again*.

Operation Friendship is paying off in terms of a string of hospital newspapers, good-naturedly titled "The Seven-Star Spinal" or "The Bed Post," which reflect the healthy minds of hospitalized editors and contributors who vie for the Pen and Sword Awards offered by the New York Advertising Club. There are veterans' drama groups organized and assisted by professional entertainers—radio programs over hospital networks, produced, written and directed by the lame, the halt and the blind under the guidance of professional radio personnel.

Blind veterans are learning basketball, paralyzed veterans are learning to swim, grim faces are learning to smile, dead voices are learning to speak—all through the unfailing friendship of thousands of trained volunteers from all walks of life.

Operation Friendship has won its way into the hearts of housewives and show people, shopgirls and businessmen, mechanics and musicians. They all know the sensation of having reached out a hand and felt it tightly clasped in the grasp of a veteran who needs friendship.

Operation Friendship has reached its neighborly hand into law firms and homes, dentists' offices and department stores, business offices and factories. It has even reached into the plush setting of one of the

world's largest advertising agencies, where a late afternoon conference of directors was interrupted by an overworked vice-president who arose and said: "Gentlemen, I guess you can decide what's best for the client without any further help from me. This is Wednesday, and I'm due at the Vets' Hospital at seven."

"But you've been lugging celebrities from the sports world out there every week for a couple of years," one director said. "Why don't you give it up?"

"I can't," the vice-president answered. "We get a group of vets around and swap sports stories with them. It's fun for me and it means a lot to the vets—and I can't stop now because there are so few who are doing anything!"

Today, there is need for many more thousands of civilians—men and women alike—to join the VA Voluntary Services. You don't have to own a yacht or produce a stage show to be a friend of a vet. If you can read or tend flowers, provide car transportation or file cards, stack books or judge a hobby con-

test, there is a place for you in Operation Friendship.

If you have musical talent, you can organize glee clubs, instruct patients, sponsor or judge musical contests. If you can play cards, offer to play with a veteran. Men are needed to umpire ball games, to assist in billiards, bowling and fly casting.

If you are a born organizer, there are many types of entertainment that your whole town can share. For example, the churches, schools and civic organizations of Topeka, Kansas, clasped hands and produced a Winter Mardi-gras, complete with costume ball, entertainment and refreshments.

But whatever you do for the veteran—be the effort great or small—you bring to the hospital the gift that only you can supply—your friendship. And in return, you receive that warm glow of satisfaction which comes from "giving of yourself." It creates a new tranquillity, a new peace of mind, to know that in an often selfish and forgetful world *you* have been thoughtful enough to remember!

### Word of Caution



THE JOHNSONS, a middle-aged couple who wanted to leave the city and buy a few acres of land in the country, drove several miles to look at a small place reported for sale. At their destination, they were disappointed to find those acres rough, rocky and extremely unfertile. While Mr. Johnson was getting up courage to inform the

present owner—a lank, grizzled bachelor—that the place was unsuitable, Mrs. Johnson began eating some grapes she had taken from the car.

Watching the city woman for a moment, the owner of the unfertile acres drawled, "Ma'am, unless you want the rows in your new vineyard growin' every which way you'd best watch where you're tossin' them seeds."—*Wall St. Journal*

# Fortune Tellers and Fools

by ROGER WILLIAM RUS



Here, based on a CORONET survey, is an exposé of fake seers who feed on human superstition and mulct gullible Americans of millions of dollars

**B**EWARE OF PEOPLE who charge money for predicting your future or telling your fortune! Currently, more than 80,000 men and women in America are making a living from practicing this ancient "art." But every one we investigated proved to be a faker.

The findings uncovered by our survey are easy to demonstrate. In fact, they have been demonstrated many times. Yet so deeply rooted is the human superstition on which the business feeds that 80,000 fortune tellers in the United States will take the public this year for at least \$200,000,000.

There is, of course, such a human

phenomenon as ability to see into the future. But this is a rare gift, enjoyed by a very few persons of high spiritual development. It cannot be commercialized, for the instant a genuine clairvoyant undertook to commercialize it, the ability would lapse into "Black Magic."

Not one commercial fortune teller in a thousand, however, attains even the low level of black magic. As a group, they are much more ordinary than that. In fact, they are simple fakers.

Investigators for this article made an extensive survey of commercial seers, from the lofty and expensive astrologers to their tea-reading sis-

ters in lunchrooms. There was no difference between their predictions. Sex, health, psychiatry and business were their major topics of conversation. Whatever device they used as a front—tea leaves, stars, cards, palms, crystals—they all had these characteristics in common:

1. They were wrong in their forecasts and readings, as wrong in regard to the future as to the past and present.

2. They depended for conversational leads on questions asked the customer, and they asked fully as much as they told.

3. They used a canned chatter, varied slightly for all comers.

4. They frequently gave illegal, immoral, or dangerous advice.

Now let us visit some of these persons who, for a fee ranging from \$2 to \$25 or more, purport to tell you what is going to happen to you in the future.

One young woman of 22 called on three fortune tellers in New York, from a highly touted astrologer to a card reader in a "gypsy" tearoom. This is what the different seers told the same girl. It doesn't matter which seer told which story, because they are all equally wrong. The comments in parentheses give the true facts.

*Case 1:* "You are extremely sensitive. You are one of four children (six). You have been under the domination of your parents all your life (her parents were divorced when she was a child and she was brought up in boarding schools). You were married at the age of 18 (22) and had a big love affair at 19 (she did—with her subsequent husband). You will be married twice, though the second one doesn't look

like a legal marriage. It is not necessary to take vows to be married. You have a very strong imagination. You have a tipped uterus and your ovaries are not functioning. You should take a drug (naming it). You have no imagination."

*Case 2:* "You are extremely musical and an exceptional dancer (she cannot read music and does not dance). I don't know whether you are married or not. Has something been bothering you lately? No? . . . Well, something is bothering you but you are probably not aware of it. It will bother you more. Your trouble comes from someone close to you, perhaps your husband. There will be two marriages in your life. I tell that to most young people because the trend of young marriages seems to be that way. You'll never want a career: you are too domestic."

*Case 3:* "You want and can have a fine career. Something is bothering you, you don't know your own mind. You have one child. No? None? . . . Well, you thought you were going to have one. Is this your husband with you? (It was an office friend). In September, you will make a long trip beyond the West Coast (she worked as usual at her office throughout September). This coming week end you will have a very pleasant social happening (there was none), and money will come to you soon." (None came.)

Here is the same girl, at the same time, told a number of things that are not only contrary to fact but contrary to each other. More serious than any triviality, however, is the advice of Case 1, to take a certain drug. This was the same for-

tune teller who so casually foretold a marriage outside the marriage vows, presumably adultery, since the girl has a perfectly good husband.

Case 4 concerns a different young woman as customer, but the same fortune teller as in Case 1. The prediction is interesting because it reveals this fortune teller's stock in trade—an identical pattern in both readings, from the opening remark on through parental conflict, two marriages, one of which is highly dubious, and sex trouble.

"You are extremely sensitive. One of your parents dominates the other. You had a serious love affair at 17. You will have two marriages, though the second one doesn't seem to have a justice of the peace in it. But you don't need him for a serious marriage anyway. The first one is really a marriage. Let me warn you against the young man you are interested in. He would not be the right one for you; there are many things wrong here." (Most wrong was the fortune teller, for there is no such young man.)

**N**OW LET'S SWITCH to a young man of 23, who visited an astrologer and a palmist.

Case 5: "You are creative. Have you ever thought of literary efforts? Try them, but stick to historical novels. You don't flounder around, you know your own mind. Some day you will have your own business and be successful."

Case 6: "You have a fine idea in the world of the theater, and it will be very successful. An elderly man wants you to go into business with him. You have not always known

your own mind, which is natural enough for a stranger in the United States." (This seer obviously was led astray by the customer's Southern accent!)

It may appear that both these fortune tellers "saw" something in their emphasis on the customer's ability to write, even though one prescribed historical novels, one the theater. Not so. As with most of their clan, these seers did not shirk the direct question, "What sort of work do you do?" The customer said he wrote advertising copy. Instantly, they seized that opening and enlarged upon it flatteringly.

Cases 7 and 8 concern a Chicago soothsayer who talks much about her "astounding" record of correct prophecies. The customer was a woman of 30, happily married to a schoolteacher. While the preceding

investigators told the simple truth, this one presented a nonexistent problem, on the theory that anyone who could see into the future could see far enough into the present to detect a false condition. So our investigator said she was worried because her husband stayed out late two nights a week. In fact, he did—directing tournaments at his chess club.

Case 7: "Now, as some men approach middle age, their interest in normal sex drops away and they become interested in abnormal sex. Of course they can't practice that with their wives, so they lose interest in them."

Case 8: "Your attitude toward your husband is suspicious. He is a proud, sensitive person, and takes your suspicion as evidence of lack of love on your part. When he does



not come home, he is working overtime at the office. It is you yourself who are probably entering the change of life. Men have that, too. If you want to find out about that, go upstairs to Dr. ——'s office; he has all kinds of magazines there. Read them."

One popular soothsayer insisted several times that the customer visit a psychiatrist, and gave the name, address and telephone number of "a real lamb of a man in that line." Which brings out the obvious fact that many fortune tellers are clearly come-ons for doctors, psychiatrists and hairdressers. One seer told a customer: "What you need is a good facial. Phone this number for an appointment right now."

The fortune tellers covered in our survey sprayed out a miscellaneous assortment of ideas, often directly opposite statements. But they know from experience that the customer will remember whichever one comes closest to the truth or is most flattering, and then will say to friends, "My dear, the most wonderful fortune teller, and she told me the most-remarkable things, absolutely true!"

Whenever one attacks the fortune tellers, he is sure to hear: "Yes, but what about so-and-so? She has made the most-amazing predictions, and they came true! She predicted a white Easter, the floods on the Mississippi, the train wreck in Montana, lots of things!"

But we have found that the instant you dig into the record of the wizards, you find cockeyed predictions everywhere. There is one much-publicized lady seer who, in January, 1948, decreed these items for the coming year: government

controls on butter and sugar; the fall of big union leaders; serious storms; plane and train accidents around Pittsburgh, Chicago and New Orleans; headlines to be made by China and Brazil; and continued difficulty with Russia.

For 1945, a noted seer announced that Eleanor Roosevelt would make a Hollywood debut and Franco would be assassinated.

**N**OW WHAT ABOUT astrology? Its devotees maintain that it is a "science" based upon an immense mass of data, collected over many centuries. But a research study by Dr. Bart J. Bok and Margaret W. Mayall of Harvard concluded that astrology is "in no way supported by statistical evidence."

Select any three recent events of historical magnitude—events so monumental that they could hardly have escaped the attention of those whose gaze penetrates into tomorrow. Then let us check the astrological publications, to see how accurately the seers foresaw the events.

September, 1939. Germany started World War II. Here is what the astrological magazines we examined predicted for September: "Rumors of pacts and agreements. Vastly more harmonious for all countries except Britain. A good period for making lasting treaties and for constructive work to establish peace."

December, 1941. Japan made history by attacking Pearl Harbor on Sunday, the 7th. Forecast the experts: "Japan will never attack America. December 7th is a fine day for Sunday interests."

August, 1945. Japan surrendered. And the seers said: "One wonders

whether the dearly bought base at Okinawa will justify the sacrifices. Japan will not quit. Sharp criticism of the handling of our war effort this month."

If soothsaying is such an obvious racket, why is it permitted legally? It seems to be one of the most difficult matters for the law to tackle successfully. Some states leave it to the municipalities; others impose license fees running from Vermont's \$5 a year to Arkansas' \$100 a week to the county. Still others outlaw the whole business.

Colorado declares fortune telling a misdemeanor, punishable by a maximum \$500 fine or six months in jail. Illinois, where the business thrives, sets a maximum \$500 fine on anyone convicted of fortune telling. And Los Angeles has sufficient trouble with the racket to keep a special "Fortune-telling Squad" of half a dozen policemen and women busy.

Yet seers flourish in spite of the law and for two reasons: (1) it is difficult to prove fraud when the customer has paid his fee or left a

tip voluntarily; (2) most customers do not enter complaints. Any individual who has a grievance against a fortune teller will find in most communities a law covering the case; but he must make a complaint and stick to it.

Despite the oft-repeated warning about fakery in fortune telling, people still patronize seers, chiefly because superstition is deeply ingrained. People are also afraid. They dread the future, feel incapable of facing it alone, and seek \$2, or \$10, or \$25 worth of encouraging statements from a fortune teller. They have a wistful, pathetic desire to be forearmed against the menacing mystery of tomorrow.

As a rule, it is upon this pathetic desire that the soothsayers feed. But, for your own sake, you should rid yourself of superstition and stand on your own feet. The repetitive evidence in this article clearly reveals that seers deal in the same bunk and ladle it out in the same manner. Obviously, you can handle your own future much better than can these commercial racketeers.

### Pedestrian's

AS USUAL, TRAFFIC in Chicago's Loop was terrific. The driver was evidently in a hurry when the red light flashed, forcing the car to a screeching halt well over the pedestrians' crosswalk. There the car remained to wait out the signal change as scowling pedestrians circled the obstruction.

Then upon the scene came the hero, also evidently in a hurry. Emerging from the crowd and

### Revenge



without the slightest change in pace, he headed directly towards the auto, opened the rear door, walked through and out the other side, leaving both doors swinging.

Not until the cars behind him blared their horns in unison did the amazed and bewildered driver regain his composure sufficiently to notice that the light had turned green.

—B. FREDRIC NEWTON

# *The Happy Art of Conversation*



If you enjoy good talk, you shouldn't be content just to sit back and listen

by JOHN ERSKINE

WHEN WE GO TO a friend's house to dine, or when guests come to visit our home, we want to show friendliness and good will by talk. So what could be easier than to begin talking?

Actually, what is more difficult? A large part of the human race, though with the best disposition in the world, is inarticulate. Others are bashful, or lacking in the social urge to help entertain the company.

The purpose of good conversation is entertainment. If we ask friends to drop in for the evening, we want to talk about the things that give us pleasure. The last thing that a conversation should be is a debate or an argument.

The real art of agreeable conversation has to do with getting the talk started, with giving it a direction, and with bringing it to an end. The opening move belongs to the host or hostess, but they may not understand the art, or may be inarticulate. If no one present knows how to begin, the group will sit

around waiting for some miracle.

In my youth I knew a pretty young woman who liked nothing more than to be invited to a party. But when the conversation started, she settled down with a rapt expression to enjoy what the others said. She herself never uttered a syllable.

Because she was pretty, an optimistic youth proposed to her and was accepted. I suppose he counted on the fact that, in matrimony, there are other kinds of communication besides words. But at least a few words are useful, and the girl's habit of silence ended not in a miracle but in a divorce. Since then, she has had two more marriages and two more divorces, and she still likes conversation when someone else does the talking.

All good conversation starts with a question—not a question about the state of anyone's health or a question which calls for an opinion. Either kind is likely to lead quickly to a dead end, rather than to an exchange of ideas. The best questions are those which call for information on the subject about which the per-

son questioned cares most and knows most.

If one of the guests has just returned from a trip, he is pretty sure to be full of new experiences which he will be glad to talk about. Pretty sure, that is, but not absolutely so. Years ago, when Calvin Coolidge was Governor of Massachusetts, I met him at a reception just after he had returned from a visit to Bermuda. I began with a remark that was none too brilliant.

"How did you find Bermuda, Mr. Governor?"

Calvin eyed me with characteristic caution. "Had I ever been there before," he said, "I should be in a position to say whether it was or was not as usual."

If I could live this incident over again, I should not give Mr. Coolidge such an opportunity to wreck the conversation before it began. The fault in my question was that it did not force him to commit himself. I should have said: "Mr. Governor, can you tell me why people go to Bermuda?" Since he had just returned from a visit, it would have been difficult for him to say he hadn't the slightest idea why anybody went.

The questionable talent for killing a conversation with a remark to end all remarks is not usually shared by women. Yet recently, a youthful singer asked a veteran prima donna to hear her voice and give a frank opinion. Having run through several arias without getting a single comment, the young woman said nervously:

"Some of my friends have told me they like my high notes, others prefer the low ones. Would you say I am a soprano or a contralto?"

The aging prima donna replied firmly, "No!"

People who love good talk often invent their own ways of making conversation in advance. My friend Paul Weaver, late professor of music at Cornell University, and his hospitable wife, Hazel, when they were asking a group of colleagues to meet some house guests, gave each of the guests a list of the colleagues with an account of their special interests. The colleagues probably knew something in advance about the visitors. When the two groups came together, conversation began at once.

**N**OW YOU MAY ASK, why all this fuss to teach people to talk? Why shouldn't they remain inarticulate and make humanity happy by a little silence? The reason is that the silence of inarticulate people is hard on their friends and bad for their own mental and spiritual health. The person who can go into society and sit mum while others are talking may pride himself that he has acquired the art of listening. But he is much mistaken. His kind of listening is discourteous to others who speak, for he evidently feels no obligation to contribute to the exchange of ideas.

Any wise parent should worry over a son or a daughter who never tries to say anything, and who goes on accepting hospitality without contributing to the entertainment of other guests. In the end, such a character becomes poisoned with the conviction that society is unfriendly, that other people are hostile, and that there is something wrong with the world.

Once conversation has started,

the host, or hostess, or whoever takes the lead, should draw into it everyone present. This is easily done by rephrasing the first question to make it apply to all the others in turn. If we ask the first person how he spent his vacation, we ask the second person whether he spent it in the same or in a different way. As much as possible, we encourage everyone in the group to make a personal contribution to the central topic.

There will come a moment, especially in a small and intimate group, when the talk may become too local or too personal. Conversation is ruined, of course, when it degenerates into gossip. To avoid this danger, shift the subject slightly so that it applies to more people than those present. Automatically the tone of the conversation will be raised.

A problem in most conversation is what to do with the well-meaning person who likes to tell jokes. A long story makes the teller a lecturer, and reduces other people to the condition of an audience. The worst parties I have ever attended were made unforgettable by some person who, having unexpectedly emerged with a bright story, proceeded to make himself a prize bore by telling a series of bright stories.

Abraham Lincoln holds a unique place among American storytellers for the aptness of his anecdotes or witty remarks. Yet he and his stories are now in danger of becoming a bore, because his remarks are repeated again and again by less-skilled talkers.

Recently in a discussion of democracy, when all the members of

the group agreed that every country has its own definition of the word, a man crashed in with the story of Lincoln and the European visitor who did not understand the American ideal of democratic labor.

"Here in your country," said the European, "you black your own boots. At home, no gentleman blacks his own boots."

"Indeed!" countered Lincoln. "Whose boots *do* you black?"

The applause tempted the speaker to tell another Lincoln story, of which unfortunately he knew several. They were all good stories, but only the first illustrated our talk about democracy. After three or four Lincoln stories, the talk was wrecked.

If you wish to change the direction of a conversation, it is not necessary to introduce a fresh subject formally. Those who are masters of conversational art know that it is enough merely to mention a subject more interesting than the one under discussion at the moment. John M. Perry, well-known lawyer and one of the most adroit persons I know in guiding the talk into fresh channels, is all the more effective because there is a teasing vein in his temperament.

I remember him at the close of a fine evening when the talk, largely because of his presence, had been unusually worth-while. In a momentary pause, he remarked casually: "Isn't it interesting, this revival of the old issue of civil rights in the South?"

He made no further contribution to the subject; he merely watched the group fall on it and tear it to pieces. Of course that was the end



of the evening. The clever man would not have introduced the theme had he not been ready to seize his hat and run. But he correctly illustrated the way to change the subject.

The best conversation, and at times the most difficult to maintain, is that between husband and wife. It is difficult because the two people know each other well, and may gradually exhaust whatever topics they have in common.

If the husband and wife limit their talk to what immediately and exclusively concerns them, they will soon begin to bore each other. On the other hand, if they exchange ideas on subjects which concern many people in many different places, they are sure to discover in themselves unsuspected interests and points of view.

This discovery may be surprising to some of us, since we don't like to think we have not already appreciated to the full our better half. But the ever-changing combinations of human experience keep the characters of men and women in a condition of growth, even after they have been married a long time.

The rules for good talk all have the same purpose, to help the individual to be himself, to help him

understand others, and to help others to understand him. Whatever benefits there may be in silence, there are none whatever in the human loneliness which results from failure to communicate with our fellows.

In the end, all conversation may be said to be about ourselves. It is a revelation of our own character and our own ideals and, if properly conducted, becomes an exercise in tolerance and in imagination.

One final point. Why talk at all unless we can be heard? Yet, to be heard, we need not talk loudly; in fact, a noisy voice defeats the purpose of good talk. It is less important to speak loudly than to articulate clearly, and to give each word and phrase the expression we want it to have.

If you know exactly what you want to say before you speak and if you have plenty of breath in your lungs before you open your mouth, the relaxation of your voice and the intelligence of what you are saying will attract attention far more than noise. A great singer can hold the attention of a large audience with a soft passage. One who understands the art of good talk can hold attention with a wise or kind idea put into friendly and quiet words.

## It's a Start, Anyway

ON A CROWDED San Francisco streetcar one wet, miserable night, a coin thudded to the floor and rolled along the slippery aisle. As near-by passengers craned their necks, an old man stooped and picked it up.

"Anybody lost a silver dollar?" he asked anxiously.

Nine passengers hurriedly searched their pockets and shouted, "I have!"

"Well," said the old man, "I've found a penny towards it."

—OLIE JAMES ROBERTSON in *Swing*



# JOHN KIERAN

## *Expert on Everything*

by ARTHUR BARTLETT

motorists and neighbors who observe him on such morning walks. He says it with a small-boy grin, obviously taking mischievous delight in the idea—a delight all the greater because he does not think himself unusual enough in other ways to be a particularly interesting character.

For almost 11 years, of course, Kieran has been amazing Americans as the champion know-it-all of *Information, Please*, coming up with answers to most of the questions other people miss, whether on literature, baseball, ornithology, art, or something else.

"Mr. Encyclopedia," he has been called, and though he used to be a sports writer, he is now editor of the encyclopedic *Information Please Almanac*. He does not admit, however, that this indicates exceptional brain power or that he is an exceptional kind of man.

"Just an amiable guy," he says. He is amiable, certainly—as unpretentiously amiable among prize fighters as among professors. But whatever his own modest opinion, he is also obviously smart. If his public feats of memory did not

The champion know-it-all of *Information, Please*, is an amiable guy with an amazing memory and an interest in everything

ONE MORNING last spring, in a pelting rain, early motorists in the semisylvan part of New York City called Riverdale might have seen a smallish, gray-haired man in an old sweater, a pair of field glasses dangling from his neck, picking flowers by the roadside, blissfully oblivious to the rain that beat upon his hatless head and dripped down from behind his outsize ears.

John Kieran had found the first Dutchman's Breeches of the season, and was picking a bouquet to take home to his wife. It was a typical start of a typical Kieran day.

"They probably think I'm a little nutty," says Kieran of the

prove it, his private life would. He can not only recite, "How doth the little busy bee improve each shining hour," and tell you it was written by Isaac Watts, but he is smart enough to take the adage as a serious guide.

While he was in the Army in World War I, he carried vest-pocket editions of Shakespeare's plays and Browning's poems to the front, for the improvement of any shining hours which might not be required for purposes of war; and a book in his pocket has been standard equipment ever since.

Touring the major-league circuits as a baseball reporter, Kieran always got up early in the morning and went to art museums, libraries and zoos; and he considered it a particularly good break when a World Series took him to Pittsburgh when an international art exhibition was being held in Carnegie Museum, just a few blocks from the ball park.

Nevertheless, Kieran would be indignant at being held up as a model of wisdom for the young. He would argue that he was no different from other kids when he was young, and that he was held back six months in high school because he showed more interest in baseball than in the curriculum.

Any youngster can understand and approve of a guy like Kieran. They have a lot in common. Kieran is 56 and a grandfather, yet he still likes to explore the fields and woods; and if he feels like picking Dutchman's Breeches in the rain, he picks them in the rain—and takes home the bouquet with the happy pride of a discoverer. He has never fallen into the grown-up habit of

stifling perfectly reasonable impulses because other people might fail to understand them.

"That a sports writer should babble of painting and know the difference between Manet and Monet apparently astonishes some persons," wrote Kieran some years ago. "But I can explain. I am quite childish in some rather harmless ways and this is one of them. I like pictures. Most children do."

A less-amiable man than Kieran, or one whose passionate interest in baseball was less obvious, might have been considered a little strange for indulging so many rarefied tastes; but the sports fraternity has always looked upon his bright ways with something akin to family pride. During a world series in St. Louis, the late Judge Landis, then czar of baseball, came upon Kieran one morning down on his knees in Forest Park, pawing the ground. When Kieran explained that he was looking for acorns of the mossy-cup oak, the Judge shook his head tolerantly and went on about his business.

**K**IERAN COMES BY his taste for knowledge naturally. His father, Dr. James Michael Kieran, was president of New York City's Hunter College for women, and his mother was as familiar with classic literature as with her own furniture. Her copy of Bryant's *Library of Poetry and Song* is still the most prized book in his well-stocked library. Her conversation was studed with quotations from the classics, and John, like his three brothers and three sisters, virtually learned to talk in quotations.

His mother was musical as well as bookish, and Kieran became a

good rough-and-ready pianist, playing by ear. He still is, and can also manipulate an accordion and any stringed instrument that comes within reach, at least to his own satisfaction.

Despite his denial that he was an especially bright student, Kieran was only 15 when he was graduated from Townsend-Harris High School, even with the six-month delay imposed upon him. Four years later, he was graduated from Fordham University *cum laude*, having meanwhile managed to play shortstop on the baseball team.

Inquiry reveals that he took the usual variety of courses—such things as languages, history, mathematics, chemistry. He particularly liked languages, and during a year as timekeeper for a sewer-construction gang, after graduating from college, he read French on the subway every day, going to and from work—an hour's ride—thus piling up a total of approximately 624 improved shining hours. Since the construction workmen were mostly Italians, he also improved himself in that language by talking with them, and learned to use gestures as well as words in the authentic Italian way.

It is this never-ending self-education, of course, which primarily explains Kieran. His first job, when he got out of college, was teaching a six-pupil school in New York's Dutchess County. This was also the year when he added ornithology to his fields of knowledge. Since he was supposed to teach nature study, the Department of Education provided him with some colored plates of birds for the purpose. The first card Kieran picked up depicted

the white-breasted nuthatch, described as a common bird known to every farm boy.

"That was a stunner to me," says Kieran, "because I had roamed the fields ever since I was knee-high to a grasshopper and never had I seen the blooming bird."

This was the sort of challenge that Kieran could not resist. He went out and started looking for white-breasted nuthatches, and spotted six. An eager bird walker ever since, he can identify virtually anything with feathers on it.

About ten years ago, he bought 200 acres of rough land in western Massachusetts, primarily to have a place where he could walk in the woods. In the summer, he camps there for a few days whenever he can get away from his New York duties. When he can't get away, he listens for birds on his morning walks in Riverdale, or lets his morning tea get cold while he watches them outside the window.

Birds led him naturally to plants and flowers. Similarly, when he noticed an unusual bug on a stalk

of goldenrod, he began to study insects, though he has never found enough available time to become familiar with all 600,000 species.

In his year as a schoolteacher, Kieran decided against the academic life, so the following year he worked for the construction company. Then the *New York Times* took him on as a novice in the sports department. A couple of years later, he went overseas with the 11th Engineers in World War I





—and began practicing his French on the natives as soon as he landed.

Any resemblance between Kieran and a conscious high-brow, then as now, was undistinguishable; to his buddies he was just an amiable guy, despite his curious habit of reading poetry. He completely solidified his standing and won the title of "The Battling Supply Sergeant" when he punched an officious noncom on the nose. Being Irish, he has a core of belligerence under the surface of easy amiability.

After the war, in which he rose to a lieutenancy, Kieran returned to newspaper writing. In 1927, he went back to the *Times* to write his own column, "Sports of the Times," first such by-lined column the paper had ever had. As a sports commentary, it was highly accurate and informative, but it also was as diversified in subject matter as Kieran's own interests. Literary allusions mingled so regularly with sports statistics that the late Prof. William Lyon Phelps of Yale confessed himself as ardently addicted to the column as the most single-minded sports fan.

After *Information, Please* was launched, spreading Kieran's fame as a know-it-all, all sorts of organizations began to seek him for public appearances. One such appearance was at a Massachusetts prep school, where his usual amiability was ruffled when the headmaster, in introducing him, was patroniz-

ingly whimsical about the fact that he was a sports writer.

As if to offset this lowering of cultural tone, the headmaster closed his remarks with a Latin quotation. Kieran proceeded to put him in his place by pointing out that he had given the quotation incorrectly, and then went on with some unimpeachable Latin of his own.

In 1943, the New York *Sun* lured him away from the *Times* to write a general column, called, with typical Kieran self-deprecation, *One Small Voice*. The change involved a slight increase in salary, and a reduction in output from 1,200 words a day seven days a week to 700 words a day five days a week. What influenced Kieran more was the greater freedom offered him in the choice of subject matter.

"I can write on anything I want," he explained happily. "Art, chemistry, sports, biology, history."

Even 700 words a day five days a week proved too much of a load with all his other activities, and in 1945 a heart attack forced Kieran to quit both the column and public appearances. The heart condition has since cleared up, but he still turns down most invitations to dinners and other functions. Meantime, the launching of the *Information Please Almanac* in 1947, with Kieran as editor, provided him with a job to his encyclopedic taste, and he finished a new book, *Footnotes on Nature*, which his old friend and publisher, the late Gen. Theodore Roosevelt, had been urging him to write for years.

One appearance which he did not turn down a couple of years ago took him to Boston for a Community Fund meeting; and the Boston

*Herald* sent one of its top-flight operatives, Miss Margaret Ford, to interview him. Kieran, then a widower, discovered that his interviewer had both beauty and brains; in 1947 she became Mrs. Kieran.

Kieran's first marriage, just after World War I, was to Miss Alma Boldtmann, then chief telephone operator of the *Times*. Their two sons, James, now a doctor, and John, a lawyer, and their daughter, Beatrice, are all married and have children of their own—a total of six.

When they were young, Kieran's children took him at his own evaluation—an average sort of a man—and they were both surprised and pleased when his radio debut, during their teens, brought him acclaim as a mental wizard. Their pride in him, however, has never turned to awe, and they take delight in ribbing him about his supposed infallibility. For one thing, they insist, he never knows what time it is.

It was son John who publicly stumped him, while at Yale, with a question submitted to *Information, Please*. The query gave the second stanzas of three poems, and asked that each be identified and the first verses quoted. Kieran got two, but muffed the third, and then mused in paraphrase of Shakespeare:

"How sharper than a thankless tooth it is to have a serpent child!"

Grandsire though he is, Kieran wastes no shining hours in the chimney corner. He likes to get up at 5:30 A.M. and chop wood for pleasure and exercise, before taking his morning walk. From then until a late bedtime, he almost invariably has what his colleague Franklin P. Adams once called "a sort of rabbit

expression about him, with his big ears . . . alert, actively on the job." This describes him not only at a quiz broadcast but at business conferences, hockey games or even at lunch with friends.

Kieran decided years ago that hearty daytime meals tended to make him sleepy and thus interfered with the full use of his senses, so his breakfasts and lunches ever since have consisted mostly of tea.

Once, in his sports-writing days, the Yankee Stadium management provided elaborate buffet lunches for the press during a world series. Each day Kieran brought his own tea in a paper bag and asked politely for hot water. Finally the caterer added tea to the menu for Kieran's special benefit.

He never takes liquor during the day for the same reason that he avoids hearty meals, but in the evening he frequently has a cocktail or two, and wine with a good dinner. Even then, however, he is careful to keep his intake low enough to leave those big ears alert for whatever conversation or entertainment the evening may hold, and his mind wide-enough awake for a bit of reading before going to bed—no matter how late it is.

He attributes his knowledge of the Scriptures, incidentally, to the fact that Gideon Bibles were always available for before-bed reading in the many hotels where he used to stay on baseball trips.

He never reads current novels, arguing that any really worth reading will still be available when the fact has been established. On this basis, he has read, somewhat belatedly, most of the works of Sinclair Lewis, Ernest Hemingway and

John Steinbeck; but he quotes Lafcadio Hearn as to his standard procedure: "Whenever a new book comes out, I read two old ones."

Kieran has a photographic memory, and can recite passages from books he has read even in the distant past. One day recently he quoted to a friend:

"Up the airy mountain,  
"Down the rushy glen,  
"We dare not go a-hunting  
"For fear of little men."

"That was in a reader I had when I was about five," he said. "I haven't seen it since, but I can still see the page it was printed on. It was illustrated with little elves, and was written by somebody named Allingham."

He picked up a book of quotations and began turning the pages. "Yes, here it is—William Allingham. Only I didn't have it quite

right. It's not 'We dare not go a-hunting'—it's 'We daren't.' "

Of this photographic memory, Kieran says, "There's nothing very unusual about it. A lot of people are born with the same gift."

He does give himself credit for one aptitude, however, which he finds woefully lacking in many others. That is the ability to find pleasure in simple, inexpensive ways—nature, books, museums.

"If I ever feel like preaching," says Kieran, "it is when I see people wasting their time—wasting it unhappily. If they want to drink or gamble or do things like that, it's all right with me; they're enjoying themselves. But when they sit around and mope, usually about not having enough money to do anything, I feel like telling them—as the song says, even if it is corny—that the best things in life are free."

## Modern Miscellany



Sure, money talks. But nowadays you can't hold onto it long enough to start a conversation.

—*The Jimmy Durante Show, NBC*

During that long, long stretch of years before the Hollywood sun came out and smiled at her, it was tough going for Marie Dressler. Only a few friends knew it, however.

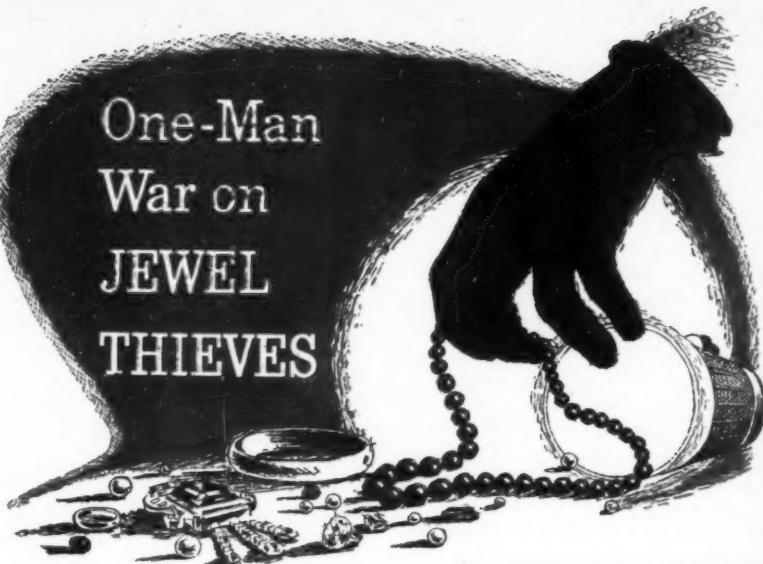
In church one day a string of Marie's pearls broke and cascaded to the floor, and she was down on her hands and knees, picking them up. "Don't bother with them," whispered a knowing intimate of Marie's who had accompanied her to church. "They're not worth picking up."

"Shh," said Marie. "We'll pick up every one. They may be worthless, but I wouldn't for the world want anyone to know."

Report from a Los Angeles paper on a local romance: ". . . and the couple were married last Wednesday, thus ending a friendship which began in their schooldays."

—*Tales of Hoffman*

# One-Man War on JEWEL THIEVES



by DAVID DEMPSEY and DAN HERR

The underworld gentry fear and respect a New York attorney who has saved the nation's jewelers millions of dollars

SOMEWHERE IN THE MIDWEST, an elusive gang of jewel thieves is planning its next robbery. Posing as a customer, one of them will enter a small store and ask to be shown some diamonds. An accomplice, arriving a few minutes later, will demand to be waited on. With the aid of a third member "in a hurry to catch a train," a razzle-dazzle play follows.

One of the light-fingered "customers" will palm from one to a dozen valuable diamonds, depending on how confused the jeweler becomes. Then a waiting car safely speeds the trio out of sight.

At the same moment, however, a quiet-voiced New York lawyer is

confidently mapping a counter-attack. For months, in his Fifth Avenue office, he has been uncovering the gang's identity and plotting their probable itinerary.

Sooner or later they will be trapped, as have hundreds of other criminals who were so foolish as to cross the path of Richard C. Murphy, unofficial district attorney for the nation's retail jewelers. This highly successful sleuth has had a hand in solving virtually every major jewel crime in the U. S. for the past 25 years.

A short, white-haired, red-cheeked man of 58, Murphy is probably the least publicized of today's gang-busters. Employed by the Jewelers' Security Alliance—an organization of 7,000 jewelers who have banded together to protect themselves against theft and rob-

bery—his motto is, "To Hell with the jewels, get the thief!"

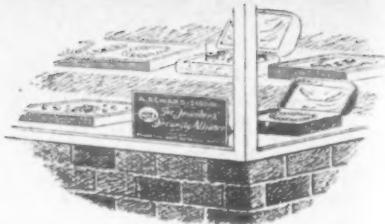
To prove that they mean business, Murphy and the Alliance have spent as much as \$11,000 in solving a \$200 crime. And the approach has paid off. Today, few veteran criminals will attack a store which displays the Alliance sign.

Although Murphy works with the police and the FBI, he holds no official position in the law-enforcement world. Pinkerton agents do his detective work. His chief weapons are a phone, an exhaustive record on gem thugs, and a private pipeline to the underworld which provides him with clues not always available to regular investigators. For example, Murphy on occasion has proved that suspected jewel robbers did *not* commit the crime they were arrested for—and has been handsomely repaid in valuable underworld information.

Suspects who regard dealing with "dicks" a violation of their perverted code of honor have come to Murphy instead. "Squealers" likewise turn to him rather than risk a brush with the law, for the Alliance maintains a generous fund to reward informants, with no questions asked.

It was such an underworld tip that led to the capture of one of New York City's most-notorious gangs a few years ago. A series of 33 robberies had occurred, the victims including Mrs. James Forrestal, held up at pistol point outside her New York home, and the Fifth Avenue firm of Rimler & Horning, which lost \$100,000 in diamonds.

The Alliance had spent \$10,000 on the case before Murphy pried loose the right clue. A tipster implicated one Henry Reszka, a known



jewel thief. Murphy suggested to police that Reszka's girl friend be watched. Finally, a telegram to her was intercepted, and an hour later Reszka was picked up on a Yonkers street.

Evidence against him was lacking, however, and despite efforts of police and the District Attorney, he refused to talk. One day Murphy confronted the suspect with such a convincing picture of the gang's activities—reconstructed from his own files—that Reszka gave in. A surprised D.A. spent the rest of the day getting details. Nineteen of the gang were sent to prison.

Murphy never reveals the identity of his informants, and in many cases does not know it himself. Some are phone voices who identify themselves only by a code number he has given them. One day in 1938, an anonymous caller offered to divulge details of a planned burglary of the Jewelry Auction Market on the Bowery, involving a possible loot of \$2,000,000 in diamonds.

Murphy promised his informant a sizable reward if the information proved accurate. It was, and police caught the gang before the first safe had been cracked. Most of them are still serving time.

The "fence"—or receiver of stolen goods—is an important link in the chain of crime that Murphy watches. In the 1930s, he set up

four ostensibly legitimate second-hand stores, then sent his operatives into the underworld to pass the word that the shops would buy "hot ice." Jewel thieves, on the lookout for a new fence, began to bring in loot.

Sometimes the agents would buy a small quantity, but more often they signaled a policeman, who would tail the thieves long enough so that the arrest did not point to Murphy's stores, and pick them up. In all, more than 70 criminals were trapped, and information was gained leading to the solution of a dozen large-scale robberies.

**M**URPHY FIRST CAME to the notice of jewelers during his ten years as Assistant District Attorney of New York County, specializing in prosecuting gem thieves. Son of a local political leader, he went into the D.A.'s office fresh from law school, and within a few years had broken up some of the biggest rings in the city.

His reputation was firmly established in 1925, when he helped to solve one of the biggest cases on record, prosecuting and convicting Harry Cohn and the Arnlow brothers, and recovering \$997,000 of an amazing \$1,116,000 haul.

It was during this gang-ridden period that a group of New York gem merchants, alarmed at the skyrocketing incidence of swindles and thefts, organized the Jewelers' National Crime Committee. In 1925 alone, jewelers were robbed of merchandise worth an estimated \$10,000,000. Insurance rates increased 15 per cent.

Murphy was the committee's logical choice to lead the attack against

this crime wave, and more than any other one man he brought an end to the belief that thugs could victimize jewelers with slight risk of being detected.

A rogues' gallery of known thieves was set up in the committee's office, and jewelers were urged to identify suspects. Previously they had been reluctant to do so, for fear of reprisals. Murphy insisted, however, that anyone joining the committee sign a pledge to identify his attacker, if possible.

The system got results. In 1930, the Crime Committee and the Security Alliance became one organization, with Murphy as head; and at the end of ten years, jewel robberies had declined 75 per cent.

Holdups and safecrackings, however, were only half the problem. Until the Alliance began educating its members, jewelers were also at the mercy of swindlers and con men. One celebrated case of this kind is still unsolved.

Many years ago, a beautifully dressed woman arrived at a jewelry store in a chauffeur-driven car. Selecting three diamond bracelets, she told the manager she wished to buy one as a gift for a niece about to be married. Since she did not wish to make the decision alone, would the store send a salesman with her to the office of her brother-in-law, a prominent psychiatrist?

The jeweler agreed, not knowing that the woman was ostensibly going to the psychiatrist to seek advice about a brother who "suffered from hallucinations about diamonds." When they arrived at his office, the woman privately represented the salesman as her brother. On no account, she warned, must

he be allowed to talk about diamonds or he might become hysterical. She then departed by another door with the bracelets.

The salesman finally became suspicious, entered the doctor's inner office and demanded the jewelry. The doctor diagnosed the case as hysteria and sent the salesman to a hospital for observation. Many hours later the victims discovered how they had been fooled.

This swindle and other complicated techniques for fleecing the jeweler are not likely to be profitable today, since members of the Alliance are forewarned as soon as a new scheme pops up.

THE ALLIANCE'S BOAST that it never closes a case until the thieves are caught got its severest test some years ago when William Malcolm Ritchie, night porter in a Hartford hotel, walked out with three salesmen's sample cases containing \$50,000 in jewels and launched himself on a one-man crime wave. Observing the movements of jewelry salesmen, Ritchie would buy an identical trunk, fill it with junk, check it at the same railroad station or hotel and, when no one was looking, switch tags. In two years, this lone wolf netted \$500,000, and Murphy was no closer to nabbing him.

The search went on for five more years, while the take zoomed to

\$1,500,000. Then, one day in St. Louis, Ritchie decided to vary his technique in order to save the trouble of buying luggage. As the salesman checked his suitcase, Ritchie memorized the serial number on the tag. At the destination of the trip, he produced a stub bearing the same numbers, and walked off with the bag. This more-efficient technique proved to be his downfall, for Murphy located the printer who had innocently supplied the duplicate tags and trapped Ritchie on a return visit.

Not all jewelers belong to the Alliance, but they benefit by its work. On the theory that a thug who attacks a nonmember may some day try his skill on a member, Murphy investigates all major crimes in the trade. In 1947 alone, the Alliance investigated 850 cases, and secured information leading to the arrest of 201 suspects.

Murphy is still the persistent, painstaking "prosecuting attorney" that he was 30 years ago. By nature a lawyer rather than a detective, his outstanding record of convictions rests on the thorough legal preparation that goes into each case. Murphy seldom plays a hunch.

"It is evidence, not intuition, that solves crimes and convicts criminals," he says. Seven thousand members of the Alliance will agree, for they are at last winning their fight against the underworld.

## The Beauty of Words

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THE COLD, CRISP MORNING air picked up its daily burden of fragrant wood-smoke, bubbling coffee and crisply fried bacon.

—MARY A. HENDERSON in *Farm Journal*



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# Funland



MORE THAN 400 YEARS AGO, Juan Ponce de León set sail along a sun-drenched coast line flaunting the brilliance of luxuriant flowers and exotic birds. He named the coral wilderness "La Florida," and believed that deep within its tropic heart flowed a fountain of everlasting youth. Today, his dream seems more real than legendary—for Florida has become the playground of a continent. Every winter, more than 3,000,000 disciples of the sun trek southward, bringing laughter and gaiety to this fabled peninsula, where the passport to youth is fun.



Centuries ago, pirate plunder was buried in the lonely sands of La Florida. And when hurricanes whipped the Caribbean into a frenzy, ships, too, smashed against this golden coast of the New World.



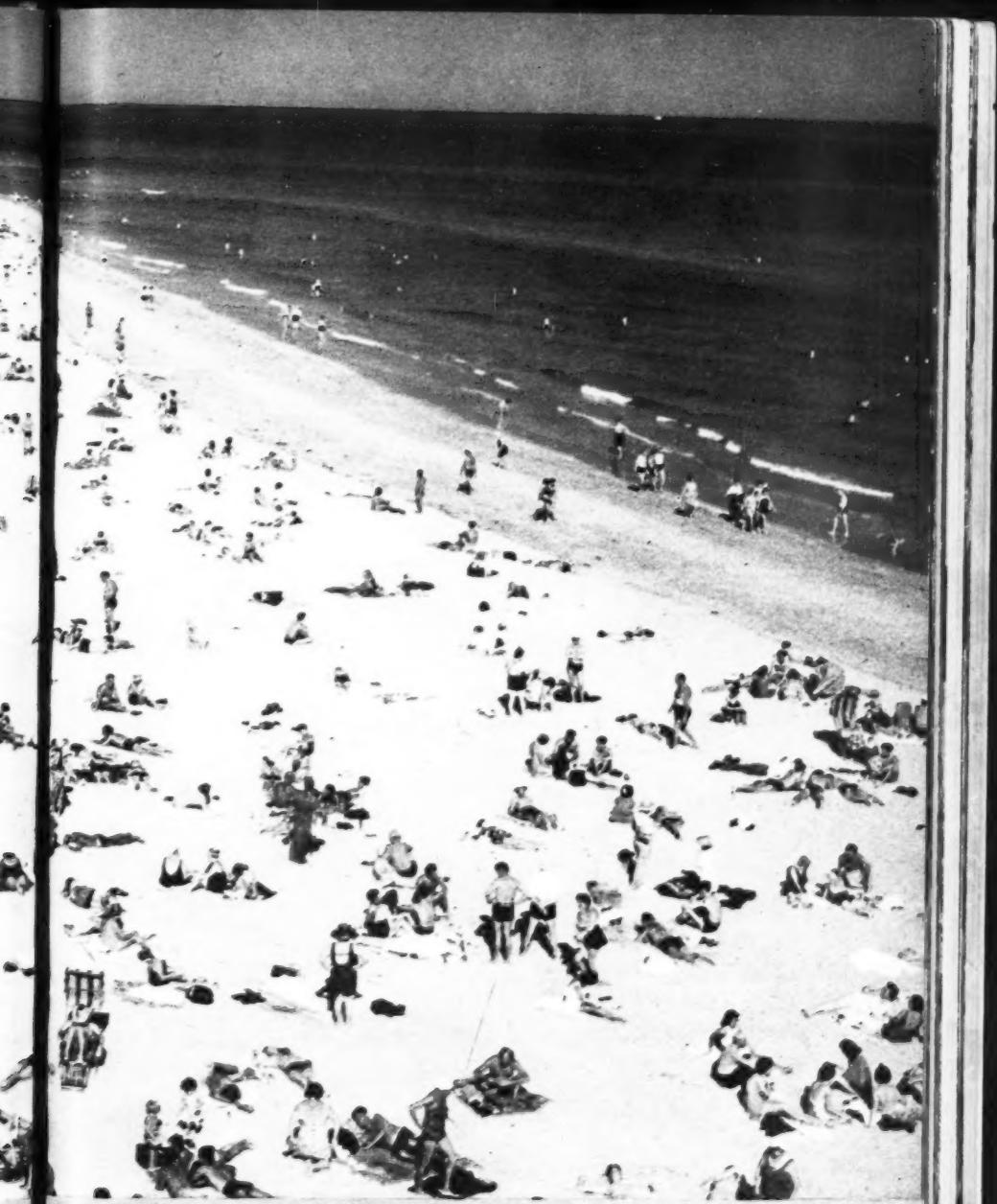
But slowly, buccaneers vanished from the high seas. Men of the land came, and out of the infinite richness of the earth sprang the great plantations of the old South. Here was a new wealth . . .



... a new way of life also destined to crumble in the sweeping tides of American progress. Today, built on a storied past, a new Florida has arisen—a land of fabulous towers lifting into the tropic sky.



Florida has become an enchanted winter play land, girdled in silver sands and drenched in the inexhaustible gold of the sun.



Drawn by the lure of its tide-washed beaches and shimmering surf,  
every traveler shares the magic of its endless, carefree spell.



On Miami Beach, emerald spray breaks against the terraces of luxury hotels, and palms bend to the trade winds—like artists' brushes blending the brilliant colors of this New World Riviera . . .



. . . while away from the heart of the fairyland city, quiet beaches beckon, their beauty sculptured only by the running tides. Here indolent hours are spent in an endless symphony of sun and sand.



Inland from the ocean's sweep, hundreds of lakes gleam in the sun. Here, at resorts like Cypress Gardens, drifts of flowers form a tropic garland for one of the swiftest water sports on earth.



Vacationists thrive on variety. For fishermen, tomorrow may bring a sailfish or a marlin glinting up from the green depths—and perhaps this time "The Big One" won't get away.



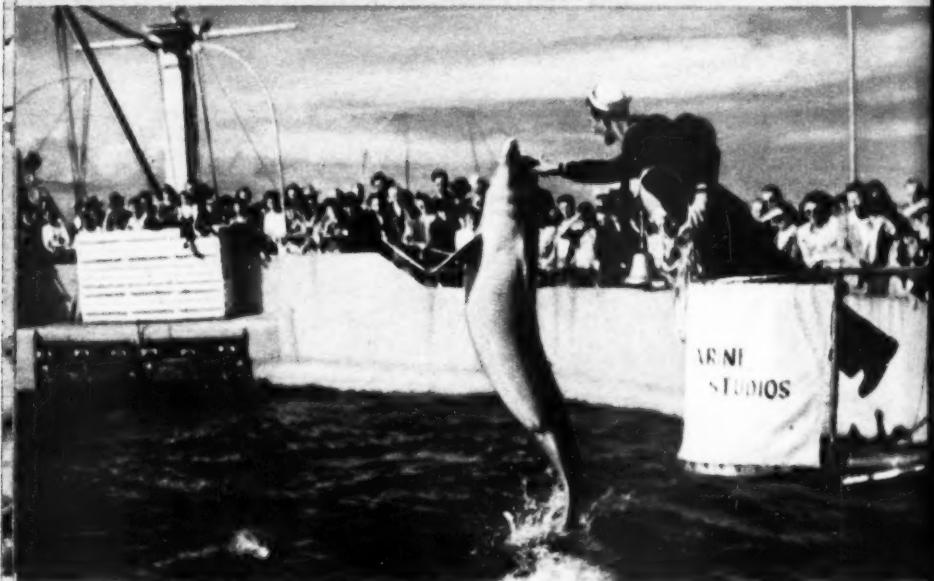
While for sight-seers, St. Augustine guards our early history. Near here Ponce de León landed, and on an unhurried street is the oldest known house in this first settled community in colonial America.



Inland, the Singing Tower soars like a pastel shaft of light—230 feet above the orange groves of Iron Mountain. Beautifying a rare bird sanctuary, its 71 bells echo their songs in majestic music.



Spectator thrills are Florida's trade-mark. Whether it's a racing car smashing world records on Daytona Beach or hydroplane races on Biscayne Bay, excitement is never more than a few miles away.



Playful porpoises are the perennial stars of Marineland—an ocean in miniature. Here, scientists crowd shoulder to shoulder with the curious in a tour of one of the most unusual museums on earth.



Near Sarasota, it is possible in a single day to watch a major-league ball team in spring training and to see the winter quarters of the Big-Top—alive with the flying color of its human banners.



Deep in Florida's heart still lies a mystic world of haunting grandeur. Spilling from the southern rim of Lake Okeechobee, the Everglades form a vast river of green flowing down to the sea.



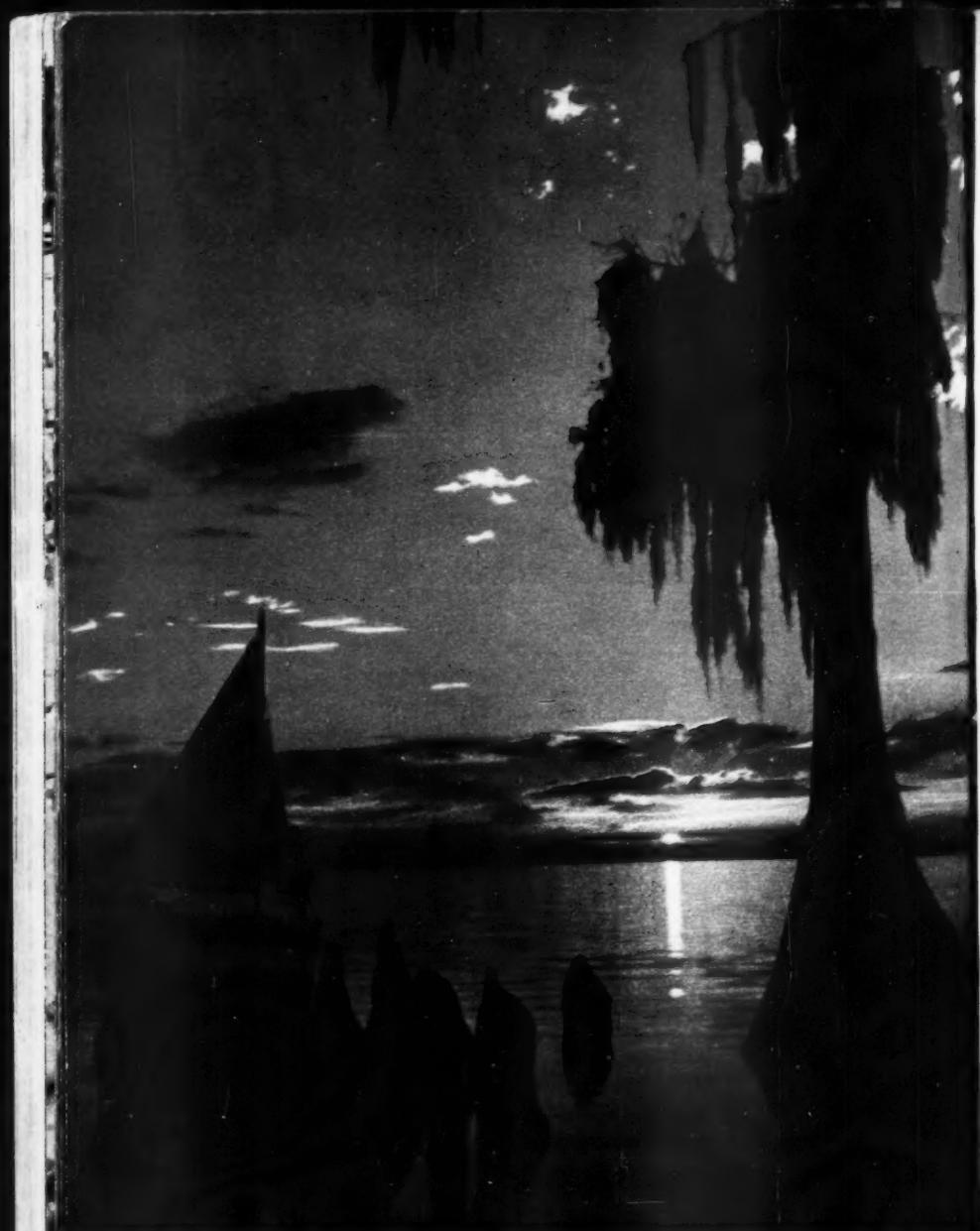
Broken only by the slender thread of the Tamiami Trail, ghostly swamps and jungle-choked islands are laced together by webs of mangroves in America's last untamed wilderness.



Along the primitive coast where the Everglades melt into the sea, strange creatures—like weird remnants of a prehistoric age—survive in a half-forgotten land.



And like silent sentinels of the swamp, majestic cypress trees wind themselves in ancient moss. Beyond, in the dense jungle, lies a savage world that has seldom seen the footprint of man.



From its misty 'Glades to its glittering coasts, Florida is a lush peninsula washed by the sea. Here, time seems to lose all meaning—and travelers abandon themselves to the glory of sun-filled days.

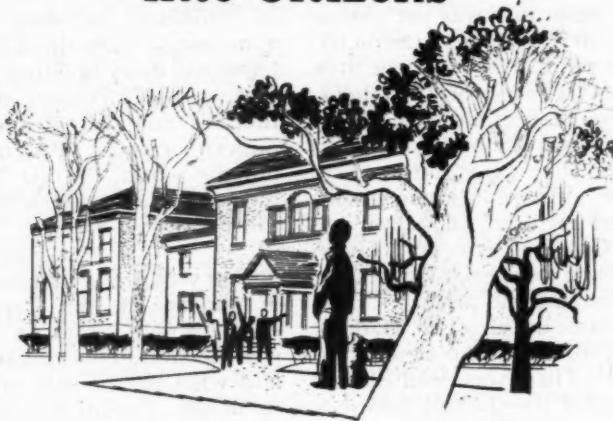
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# Turning "Toughies" into Citizens



by CAROL HUGHES

For more than half a century, the George Junior Republic has pioneered in redeeming "problem children" for a useful life

THE IRISH KID from the slums of New York stood in the doorway of William (Daddy) George, a retired businessman. His eyes were blazing. "Don't you think it's wrong for guys who ain't worked to steal from guys that have?" he yelled.

These words, spoken by the little Irish tough, were the beginning of one of the most unusual enterprises in the world—a completely self-governing community run by "problem" boys and girls from 13 to 18. At the George Junior Republic, the youngsters make their own laws, hold elections, conduct town meetings, pay taxes, run their

own bank with their own money, elect a president, and hold adult and children's courts. Moreover, each "citizen" is completely responsible for himself from the day he enters the Republic until the day he leaves.

This remarkable and enlightened enterprise began when William R. George retired at the age of 30 and bought a large home in Freeville, New York. Having a great love for children and a sympathy for those less fortunate than his own, he began inviting groups of kids from the sidewalks of New York to his home for the summer. Here, he and the citizens of Freeville lavished food and gifts on the children, let them play and loaf for weeks, then sent them back to New York loaded with clothes and baskets of food.

But unfortunately, the obvious

soon happened. The children did no work and the summer became a competitive game, in which each one tried to take home the most booty. "Daddy" George decided that his generosity was not paying off in the development of character.

In the summer of 1895, the little "toughies" received their first shock. When the children arrived, "Daddy" had boxes of clothing and gifts but when the gang gathered to share the gifts, he held up a suit, and asked what they thought it was worth. Cries of ten and fifteen dollars rang out, each boy intent upon receiving the prize.

Then came the surprise. "Daddy" said: "Well, who wants to work for this suit?" There was dead silence. The value of the clothing had suddenly shrunk to nil. It was then that the little Irish boy said he would work to earn the suit. Promptly he was given a lawn mower and assigned to his duties.

Three days after he had earned the suit, it was stolen from his closet. When he came to the doorway and made his classic statement about his rights, "Daddy" George knew that here was the foundation of his great idea. Having worked for the suit, the righteous wrath of the urchin flared up to demand protection of his rights.

"I think," he said, "there ought to be a jail for such guys!"

George readily agreed. In fact, his new concept of juvenile rehabilitation had just been demonstrated to him. Given individual and group responsibilities, boys and girls from any stratum of society would demand their own Bill of Rights, make laws for their own protection, and see to it that justice was done.

Today, his philosophy for rehabilitating boys and girls is in its 54th year. His Republic has grown from 25 "Citizens" to 125. His few acres have become a 550-acre tract with 26 buildings, including a chapel, gymnasium, trade shops, residences, barns and dairy buildings. His idea, that was half a century ahead of its time, is now being studied as a pattern for youth projects throughout the world. As one New York judge has said: "It is the damnedest thing I've ever seen!"

**FROM THE DAY A CITIZEN** takes up residence in the Republic, he is on his own. What he does, how well he lives, how much he earns and what job he gets are entirely up to him. Twenty-four hours after his arrival, the Citizen's Public Relations Committee shows him around the village.

They tell him the rules of the Republic—that he is expected to find a job, abide by the laws, be a good citizen and support himself. His scale of living will depend absolutely on his own efforts.

He can rent a room for as little as \$2.50 a week, or choose from rooms that progress up the scale to \$4 and higher. The Citizen's Counseling Service, which includes an employment bureau, will be glad to help him obtain his first job, or he can hustle for himself. Then politely they tell him the catch. If he doesn't go to work, he will be arrested as a vagrant.

The new citizen then stands at the crossroads. No one makes him work; no one compels him to go to school. There are no dormitories, no fences; his stay is entirely voluntary. The boy or girl may decide

to work in the bank, tool shop, kitchen, farm; or he may become a secretary, swimming expert, teacher, judge or lawyer. Any citizen may set up his own business if he wishes, and hire other citizens to work for him.

Some of the boys who helped to build a house submitted contract bids for part of the job. Others hired out as day laborers.

If a boy or girl needs a loan, or capital to finance a business project, he can apply to the bank where the application is discussed by bank officials. Clothes, rent, food and everything else may be bought only with the money each citizen earns.

Parents of citizens are not permitted to send food, money or gifts. If they do, the package goes into the Republic's Customs House, where duty must be paid on it. Many a boy and girl has pleaded with an errant parent: "For gosh sakes, don't send me a new suit! I just can't afford it right now."

Everything is done in the Republic by the boys and girls themselves, without adult interference. When a citizen is arrested, it is up to the courts to mete out punishment. Sometimes the judge may call upon an adult counselor or psychiatrist, but such occasions are rare. Many times he orders the court cleared and has a heart-to-heart talk with the culprit, particularly in Children's Court.

If the crime is adjudged serious enough, the prisoner is sentenced. Those who commit major crimes, such as forgery, lying or stealing, are sent to a "social sanitarium" and put under care of a skilled "social doctor."

The Court makes even the strongest bully quake, for it is appalling to a strapping six-foot 18-year-old to sit before a jury of 14- and 15-year-olds and a stern judge of 17, while his 16-year-old lawyer pleads his case. Whatever sentence is imposed, the court will see that it is carried out to the letter.

Government jobs are the most highly prized in the Republic. Each officer has the exact responsibility that goes with his title, and exercises it exactly as his adult counterpart does in the world at large. For that reason, citizens must take civil-service examinations for most government jobs, and stiff bar examinations to qualify as attorney general, judge, lawyer or prosecutor.

As in any other community, there are good citizens and bad in the Republic. Many are truculent, uncooperative, mutinous and misguided. Many are loyal, churchgoing, hard-working, ambitious. The Republic's basic idea is to develop maturity, sound judgment and self-reliance in boys and girls by having them live a life like that of the world at large in which they must ultimately take their places. This original concept of William George's is being faithfully followed today by his son-in-law, Donald T. Urquhart, executive director of the Republic.

Upon the death of "Daddy" George, Urquhart was ready to direct the Republic in the capacity of what he calls "back-seat driver." Formerly a case worker with the Syracuse Children's Bureau, he made surveys of juvenile conditions and came to the conclusion that "any neglected child who isn't a



problem child is a dead child." But he has an unshakable faith in his enterprise as the solution to youthful delinquency.

Urquhart has gathered a staff of 26 people as teachers, social workers, "mothers and fathers" for the cottages, psychologists and psychiatrists, and a few for administrative tasks. Married to Esther, the daughter of "Daddy" George, he has two daughters and a son. Entree to the hospitable, 20-room Urquhart home is much sought after by citizens of the Republic, while notable guests from all over the world are constant visitors.

**T**HREE IS NO LENGTH to which Urquhart will not go for one of his boys or girls, if he thinks the individual is worth fighting for. On one occasion, two citizens, 16 and 17, decided to quit the Republic. When Urquhart next heard from the boys, they had been caught in Virginia in a stolen car and were about to go to the penitentiary. He got on a plane and headed south.

The local district attorney did not look favorably upon the car theft. Then Urquhart told about his own courts and what would happen when the culprits returned. Seeing the boys shudder at thought of a Republic trial, the prosecutor turned them over to Urquhart. Today, one of the boys is a prominent Boston lawyer and a constant visitor at the Urquhart home.

Even the most-obdurate case usually responds to Urquhart treatment. Young Walter arrived at the Republic with promising looks and personality. In fact, he was so polite, courteous and handsome that soon he became leader of the

community. But this created Walter's problem.

He had coasted all his life, getting by on his personality alone. He was lazy, sly, and knew how to avoid trouble with the authorities. With growing concern, Urquhart watched this boy dissipate all his potentially good qualities.

One night Urquhart's doorbell rang. There stood the chief of police and three officers with Walter in tow. They explained that Walter and another boy had found a ladder, climbed to the roof of a girls' cottage and frightened the housemother out of her wits. The officers said they were considering expelling Walter from the community.

Urquhart replied: "What you do in court tomorrow is your own business. But for once in my life, I am going to paddle a boy—and Walter, that boy is you!" Then he proceeded to give the prisoner ten lusty strokes with a paddle.

Next day he was surprised to find Walter still in the community. He was surprised, too, that the court decided to give him a chance. Instead of being expelled, Walter was given a court sentence. After serving his term, he began to climb, and climb fast. He went from policeman to jail warden, to lawyer, to district attorney.

One day, while serving as warden, he came to Urquhart's home to talk about one of his unruly prisoners. "I think, Mr. Urquhart," he said, "that what you did to me is the only thing that will work with this boy."

Urquhart smiled. "No, Walter, what worked with you will never work with this boy. He is your problem and the court's problem;

I do not intend to interfere in any way."

Walter smiled and thrust out his hand. "I guess you're right," he said, "but I have never forgotten what you did for me. You were the only person in my whole life who ever thought enough of me to use a paddle."

Eventually, Walter held every job on the campus, including that of President, and now is an honor student at college.

One of the men closest to the mechanism, if not the heart, of Urquhart's enterprise is Donald S. Stralem, Wall Street banker and chairman of the board of the Republic. In an appeal for funds to expand the Republic, he said:

"The term 'juvenile delinquent' is applied by a judge only when he renders a decision in which he legally classifies a culprit as such. I submit it would be better for teen-agers, who have not been so classified legally, if we face the fact

that they are struggling with hidden personal problems, and call them 'problem children' instead.

"Parents should occasionally take an inventory of their teen-age children's attitudes. If the analysis shows that a child is not developing along normal, healthy lines, a year or two in an environment like that of the George Junior Republic would probably correct the situation and save the boy or girl from the stigma of a court decision."

The alumni of the Republic, now totaling more than 6,000, are living proof of Stralem's theory. Many have distinguished themselves in science, in the arts and in government, while all of them are good citizens in every state in the Union. No wonder a prominent New York judge of the Juvenile Court declares: "The George Junior Republic of today is an impressive preview of the talents that can be ripened if they are given their chance in the unborn tomorrows."



### Subtle Salesmanship

ONE AFTERNOON the noted clergyman, Dwight L. Moody, was out walking with a wealthy acquaintance whom Moody hoped to interest in a certain cherished church project.

Presently they came to a beautiful wooded elevation which the clergyman referred to as "Temptation Point."

The capitalist remarked that he

had never heard the spot called by that name before.

"Neither have I," replied the Rev. Mr. Moody.

"How did you hit on the name?" he was asked.

"Oh," said Moody, "I thought that some day someone might be tempted to erect a chapel for us at that point."

The chapel was erected.

—*Capper's Weekly*

A veteran pilot takes you along on a "routine" New York-to-Paris flight



## I Fly the Atlantic

by CAPT. HAROLD W. SHERWOOD with DOUGLAS J. INGELS

MY FLIGHTS ACROSS the Atlantic to Paris start in the living room of my home in Great Neck, Long Island. It is usually after dinner when the phone call comes from New Castle, Delaware.

"Captain Sherwood? . . . This is Crew Assignment calling. You're out on Flight 972-NC511 tomorrow. You'll have to come down here to pick her up."

511 is the number of TWA's Constellation air liner, *The Star of Paris*, my 300-mile-an-hour office. On the timetables she is designated as Flight 972—the flight that departs every day except Sunday at 1 P.M. (EST) for Gander, Newfoundland; Shannon, Ireland; and Paris. About twice a month it's my job to shuttle 511 or one of her sister Connies across the ocean and back.

Of course, I know in the afternoon that I am to fly next day. It is time for my name to come up on the board. But I don't always know whether I am to board the plane at LaGuardia Field, which is only a few miles away from my home, or whether I must go to New Castle, where maintenance shops are operated by TWA's International Division. If the craft is at New

Castle, I ferry it empty to LaGuardia next morning, a few hours before scheduled departure.

There was a time not long ago when flying the Atlantic over the Lindbergh Trail was a challenge to human daring. It meant a short cut to fame and glory and money. But now, the flight from New York to Paris is routine. It is just about the safest kind of flying you can buy.

Every day and night, 36 modern air liners are shuttling back and forth across the North Atlantic. Each 24 hours, more than 500 persons—men, women and children of all nationalities—are eating, sleeping, reading and working high over the ocean. Pretty hostesses in trim uniforms serve drinks and hot meals five miles up. In some planes, the passengers can crawl into comfortable berths with Pullman comfort. In short, flying the Atlantic is a carefully planned, scientifically operated transportation system, skyrocketing by the hour into a vast new field of opportunity. Small wonder that I like being part of it.

A "Line Captain"—that's my title—flies an average of 85 hours a month. Most of the time it's a routine task: sitting hour after hour



on the cushions, watching a galaxy of dials, lights and needles; listening to squawking noises in the headset; pushing buttons and levers that make the giant tick.

But when the weather socks in and things get tough, you earn your keep. As one of our pilots says: "I don't get paid for the whip cream. I get paid for the sour milk—and that's when the company starts owing *me* money."

A lot of people have the wrong idea about my job. They fancy that my life is full of thrills and narrow escapes. Occasionally someone stops me on the street: "Boy, what an exciting job *you* have!"

I tell them that when I want thrills I go skiing. My wife, Jane, and I spend a lot of time at the ski resorts up North. Keeping balance on a pair of slabs, whizzing over a snowy jump, is my idea of real skill and thrill. Flying an air liner at 300 miles an hour is just plain hard work.

Jane knows all about my job—and she likes it. She thinks flying the Atlantic is the best profession in the world, and she doesn't worry about me. "Hal's trained for it," she says. "That's our job." So when I get the call to go to work, she has my suitcase ready and drives

me to the station in the morning.

During the train trip to New Castle, I bring my Tech Orders up to date—technical data books on the plane which tell of changes or additions in accessories or equipment. For instance, they have moved the fire extinguishers from one side of the cabin to the other. Or my new instructions may pertain to conditions along the route. For example, one runway at Shannon is under repair: don't use it. Or maybe the radio beam is off at Gander. Don't rely on it.

At New Castle, my plane is waiting. The four-engine *Star of Paris* carries a crew of ten with seating capacity for 41. The soundproofed cabin is larger than a big bus, with heat, lights and reclining chairs. It is also pressurized, so that the air you breathe at 20,000 feet will be the same as that at 8,000.

The quadruplet engines develop 10,000 horsepower. The fuselage looks like a shark, and the wings are long and tapering, permitting you to cruise at more than 300 miles an hour.

Up front is my office. At first glance you might think it was an engineer's nightmare, with all those dials and levers. Actually, it is not much more complicated than the

dashboard on your car. What makes it look so forbidding is that everything is duplicated. Instead of one gasoline gauge, for example, there are several, one for each tank. And each engine has its own set of instruments.

After a while you get so that you can tell at a glance when something is wrong. With a sweep of the eye you cover the whole galaxy of instruments. If there is a needle out of line, you know something is wrong, and correct it.

Before I can go aboard 511, a Flight Plan must be filled in for the dispatcher. I have to designate the altitude at which I am going to fly, approximate speed, check points along the route, estimated time of arrival. Then I talk with the ground-crew chief about the plane. What did they do to it at New Castle? Is there anything I should particularly look out for?

On this trip, my ship had gone to the hangar for an elevator change. The pilot who brought her in from Gander said she was sluggish on the elevator control. At the shops they put on a new elevator.

"Check it," says the crew chief, "and see if the operation is normal."

"Otherwise okay?"

"Check!"

Now let's climb aboard and meet



the rest of the crew; they're already in their places. You don't fly one of these big liners alone. You're just the captain of the ship, the man in the front office. Behind you is a whole team.

It may sound strange, but often you don't know whom you are flying with until you get into the cockpit. However, it doesn't make any difference from the efficiency standpoint. Each crew member comes from the same school. Each does his job in the same manner, like a worker on an assembly line. They're all experts—the best.

The men who are going to take 511 across are a keen bunch. Bub Brubaker, your copilot, hails from Bird-In-Hand, Pennsylvania. His job is to do the thousand and one things during landing and take-off that you would do if you had four hands. And when you grow weary over mid-ocean, he takes over the controls for a spell.

Sitting behind Brubaker at the Flight Engineer's panel is Cliff Zerbone of New Bedford, Massachusetts. This is his 198th crossing. Except for actual flying, he runs the plane, pushes the throttles, sets the engines, controls the propellers, the lights, the heat, the pressurized cabin. He has an assistant too—Clem Whittman, Second Flight Engineer—expert mechanic, expert electrician, expert engineer.

In the radio compartment sits Ed Wooten, a lad from Tolleson, Arizona. It's up to him to unscramble garbled messages—some voice, some code—keep a written log of the flight, maintain constant contact with ground stations and weather ships at sea. Second Radio Officer is Harold Noordhoek of

Muskegon, Michigan, who takes over when Wooten gets the earache.

The man who has the biggest office, a desk, stool and everything, is Henry C. (Mike) Mikelajcayk, navigator. It's Mike who tells you where you are, where you're going and how to get there. Maybe you steer the plane, but he directs which turn to take.

His skill and the gadgets beside him remove the guesswork from ocean flying. It's a wonderful feeling, when the fog blankets everything, to call back—"Hey, Mike, where are we?"—and get a little map passed forward with a red circle drawn around a spot in nowhere and the notation—"Right here, boss."

At LaGuardia, we will pick up three more crew members—Capt. Ernie Pretch, to ride "check"; Ralph Paragine, purser, and Madelyn Mecklem, hostess, who take care of the passengers while we take care of the flying.

When you reach LaGuardia, you run your legs off doing a hundred things preparatory to departure. Clear customs. Go to Weather and get the latest forecast. Check the board to see what other air liners are en route. Make out another Flight Plan. Sign the manifest. Sign for the plane. Sign for this. Sign for that.

One time, just when I thought everything was all set to go, a last-minute shipment was put aboard. Cargo handlers moved heavy boxes into place. Armed guards stood by. Then, when the stuff was loaded, one of them came over to me.

"Captain, will you sign for this?"

"What is it?"

"Gold, \$17,000,000 worth!"

There are reams of paper work to be done before you can get down to the actual business of flying. The way we explain it is this: when you get through with the paper stuff, you weigh it. Then you weigh the plane. When the paper work equals the weight of the plane, okay. You can go.

AT LAST, THE PASSENGERS are aboard. You've got a full load—41. Now, for a couple of minutes, you must quit being a pilot. Go back in the cabin and assume the role of lecturer. Put your cap on. Straighten your uniform. Give them your little talk. Mine goes something like this:

"Folks, we'll be taking off in a couple of minutes for Gander, Newfoundland. We're going to fly at 9,000 feet. The weather's good. We don't expect much roughness along the way. You'll be able to see Hartford and Boston. I think you'll have a pleasant trip."

This is another part of your job, a sort of public-relations task. It puts the passengers at ease—makes each one feel like a member of the TWA family.

Now it's 12:55. Whittman has the engines warming up. The ship is trembling a little, eager to get air-borne.

Check the tower: "TWA, Constellation, Nan-Charlie 511, requesting permission take-off; destination, Gander."

"Okay, Nan-Charlie 511. All clear!"

Amazing how easily this 45 tons of metal and freight and human cargo can lift itself into the sky. Yet that is the secret behind tricks 1 and 2 that take the guesswork out

of ocean flying today and make it a precision business.

First, engineers eliminated chance. Four engines instead of one or two. If one fails, the ship can fly clear across. If two fail, it can maintain flight. Second, they built a smooth, streamlined plane to take full advantage of its power and slip through the air. That is why you hardly know it when she takes off. Both factors are built-in safety measures.

It is time to set the course heading for the first leg—94 degrees. Adjust the compass. Get the ship lined up. The altimeter says 9,000 feet, but the passengers don't feel anything because pressurizing during the climb has kept the cabin altitude at 2,000. The engines are throttled back for cruise speed. Turn on the automatic pilot. Now you can sit there and watch the instruments, looking for any missing pieces in that jigsaw puzzle.

THE HOSTESS OPENS the cockpit door. "Captain, one of the passengers insists on talking to you. The lady in seat six."

The little old lady is scared. I sit down on the arm of her chair. "Did you know we were losing gasoline from one wing?" she says in a trembling whisper. "I thought someone should tell you—and I didn't want to frighten the rest."

"Don't be alarmed," I assure her. "That was gasoline overflow, sucked out by the plane's speed and changing altitude. As you can see, it has stopped. It's perfectly normal."

The old lady is visibly relieved. She thanks me, and I return to my office.

That's a sample of what I like

most about my job—the little human relations that are offered by the people you shuttle across the ocean. Some passengers you remember by their faces. Others by their conversation. Still others by name. Often you get the same passenger three or four times, and you have a chance to get closely acquainted. Every once in a while, Jane and I get a call from one of my passengers. We invite him to the house. It has made us some fine contacts and friendships.

When he is in the cabin with passengers, the captain of the transatlantic air liner is one person; up front, he is another. One minute he is a company representative, a salesman for air travel; the next he is a worker, a technical expert, an engineer on a winged locomotive.

The first couple of hours out, the work is pretty much routine. There are verbal and written reports from the crew. The engineer reports that the ship is sound mechanically—engines running smoothly, proper gas consumption. We change our course a degree or so, because of a little wind drift, and shoot arrow-like for Gander.

The radio operator hands me a decoded, typewritten weather forecast. (I get one every hour.) The auto-pilot is flying the ship. It makes a whining noise, but you get used to it. There isn't much else to do but sit there and check flight operations.

Or perhaps it's time for a little food. Buzz the hostess—she'll bring you a hot meal. I always go back and eat mine in the navigator's den. There's more room—and a table.

Between bites is a good time to make out the Bunk Schedule. There



are two full-sized bunks (upper and lower) in the crew compartment. We take turns catching sleep. Usually on the long leg—from Gander to Shannon, about 2,000 miles—all of us get in two or three hours of sack time.

By the time you have finished the soup, fried chicken, potatoes, salad, ice cream and coffee, the plane has traveled about 110 miles. It's strange, the way you get to measure distance by swallows. When you've made this jaunt as many times as I have, you can almost call your shots.

Eat slowly, normally. By the time you get to the last of the ice cream, you should be seeing little fringes of snow on the ground. That town down there should be Sydney, Nova Scotia. It is. . . .

Go back to your desk. Everything's going nicely. Nothing has changed, only a lot more miles have slipped by.

Pretty soon, you see Gander dead ahead. But where's the bad weather you were expecting? It's clear and the sun is just ducking down. Strange thing about Gander—one minute it is closed in, the next it is clear, visibility unlimited. Perfect for operations.

We land easily, and Gander is suddenly a bustling air terminal

with long sweeping runways, giant hangars, office buildings, restaurant. After we get down, we find 511 has sprung a hydraulic leak in one of the flap mechanisms.

It will take an hour and a half for repairs, so arrange to feed the passengers. The company will pay for their meals; it's all part of public relations.

The next part of the trip—the long leg from Newfoundland across the sullen Atlantic at night—is pretty much a formula operation nowadays, any way you look at it. The science which has made flying the Atlantic a business boils down to four vital factors or "tricks" that the modern air-liner crews have learned in books and practice. Here they are:

(1) *Get the most for every gallon of gasoline.* If necessary in an emergency, we can change our course and fly an extra 200 miles or more because we have learned to squeeze every drop of power out of a given amount of fuel. Over the ocean, that's a trick worth knowing.

(2) *Get yourself a tail wind and ride it.* We call it Pressure Pattern Flying. As a pilot, you have a good understanding of weather. When you learn to read it right in flight, you can determine the movements of air-pressure masses which in turn give you the directional flow of air currents. After that, it's a matter of shifting course to let the winds speed you along.

(3) *Know exactly where you are.* That's the navigator's job. Watch Mikelajcayk at work. He uses a special kind of sextant called a "bubble." Mike has to spot a star, bring it down to the artificial-horizon line and measure its height in the

sky. Then he looks up a lot of things in books.

It's like trying to shoot backwards at a target from a rocking horse. And you have to hit one bull's-eye after another or the whole thing doesn't count. After Mike scores "hits" on a trio of stars (sometimes four), he looks in the books and averages up a "navigational fix." The dot he draws on his chart is where you are.

There's a special little astrodome in the navigator's compartment, where Mike has his own observatory. He gets up on a stool and pokes his head into the dome to view the sky.

When the night is overcast and there are no stars, Mike uses other techniques—voice radio, which lets him check his position with land stations or ships at sea, and radar, which permits a new system of navigation called "Loran." But most of the time, it's up to the sextant and the books.

No. 4 in the bag of tricks is the *Howgozit*. This is just a slip of paper, but it can mean the difference between getting there or not. Simply explained, *Howgozit* is a bookkeeping technique—the best example of how businesslike the Atlantic crossing has become.

For about an hour after take-off, you work with slide rules, power charts and the weather map. The result is a series of curved lines on a chart. Reading them, you can tell for every moment of flight how much fuel should still be on board, and how many miles you have covered. Then there is a red line—the critical point or PNR, point of no return.

The lines and markings make up

the *Howgozit*. In flight it is your Bible. You draw another line as the plane speeds through the night. If the lines run parallel, you're okay. If they deviate seriously—if you start crossing that red line too soon—you had better do something.

Now you see why an ocean flight is not all pilotage, but paper work and more paper work. That is what makes it a job. Yet if you adhere to these set rules and apply them with practiced precision, the trip in 511 from Gander across to Shannon is just another milk run.

From Shannon to Paris requires about three hours. It is the last leg of your job, but also one of the busiest. Over Ireland, England and Normandy there's plenty to do:

1. Make out a customs declaration for the entire crew.

2. Fill out a "Gripe Slip." Is there anything wrong with the plane? Is that elevator working all right now? How about the hydraulic leak in the flap mech? Give this to the radio operator to send on to Paris. The ground crew then will have replacement parts waiting on the ramp.

3. Fill out the detailed Flight Log.

4. Get on the radio and talk with Paris Flight Control. They tell you which runway to use, how high to fly in approach, new traffic regulations.

Okay, you're clear to come in. There's the runway. Drop her. Easy does it. Wheels hit. Taxi, Park 511 right in front of the gate. Cut the engines. Remove the headset. Take out your pencil and scribble a last notation on the Flight Report: "Time on the ground—11:40 A.M., Paris time."

Seventeen hours elapsed time

from LaGuardia. Not bad, considering the delay.

But still your job isn't finished. Check with Flight Control. Sign more papers. See if your name is up on the board for the return trip, or maybe on to Rome or Cairo. No, it isn't. So now you're free. . .

Clear customs with the rest of the crew. Take the special bus from Orly Field into Paris proper, about ten miles away. Check into the Normandy Hotel where all our crews stay. Then go to bed and sleep like a guy who's been at the office for 17 hours.

You're tired. And no wonder. When you made out the bunk schedule, you forgot one Harold W. Sherwood . . .

After you wake up, what then? For one thing, I have a lot of friends in Paris. Then, too, the Normandy is a meeting spot for pilots and crews with whom you've been working for years. We have a lot of fun together. An occasional night club—maybe the Folies or the Opera.

But when you stray from the

hotel, always leave your contact address. You are like a doctor who is always on call. A bulletin board for crews is at the clerk's desk. Maybe next day or the day after (seldom more than three days), your name will be on it. Then it's time to go back to the office.

There you find the same routine all over again. Customs. Paper work. Check . . . Check . . . Check . . . Take-off, fly, land, Shannon, Gander, LaGuardia. Another business day. . .

On the ground to meet me are Jane and our two kids, Bobby and Susan. I'm glad to get home. I guess every father feels the same way after a day's work. He wants more than anything else to see the wife and kids again. My 300-mile-an-hour office and the whole Atlantic don't change that feeling a bit.

For a week or so, New Castle won't bother me. That's fine. I can sit around the house and enjoy myself with my family, just like the guys who commute every day from Great Neck to New York.

### Wise and



### Otherwise

If you think the words "night" and "evening" mean the same thing, note the different effect they have on a gown. —EDITH GYNN

A telephone pole never strikes an automobile except in self-defense.

—*Wall Street Journal*

Bad officials are often selected by good citizens who didn't vote.

—HAROLD G. HOFFMAN

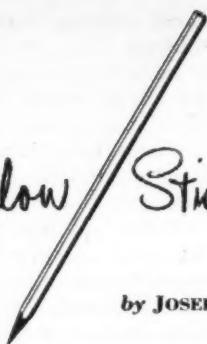
Scientists have just come to the conclusion that there is no life on Mars. No request for a loan has been received. —MOREY AMSTERDAM

Youth is the happy time, but only age knows it. —E. KLAUDER

When you're in Spain, it's easy to recognize an American at a bull fight. He cheers for the bull!

—NORMAN ROSS, *WGN (Mutual)* program

# Yellow Stick That Writes



by JOSEF ISRAELS II

Those pencils you use every day and take pretty much for granted are the product of a small but prosperous U.S. industry

HAVE YOU BOUGHT a pencil recently? Chances are the answer is no. Only some five per cent of Americans actually buy even one pencil each year. But pretty close to 100 per cent use more than one of the billion and a quarter "writing sticks" which U. S. pencil factories turn out every year.

The industry is glad to have it that way. The average good office pencil cost five cents before the war and still retails at that uninflated figure. Thus, most of us feel little compunction at pocketing a pencil from the desk of a friend or an employer who probably bought his pencils by the gross. It all makes for big sales in a small industry of some 20 companies, which turn out one of the items least noticed and yet most essential in the everyday life of modern man.

In addition to the ordinary pencil, there are specialties which sell in smaller quantities and for higher prices—for instance, a pencil whose writing element (there is no lead in pencils) must contain exactly meas-

ured qualities of electrical conductivity. This is used in marking answer sheets for school and civil-service examinations.

The sheets are fed into a foolproof electronic machine which instantly grades them by means of electrical "fingers," which send impulses to the counting mechanism when they encounter a right or wrong mark from an "IBM conductive marking pencil."

The industry produces various other pencils to write readably on cellophane, meat, glass, tin, chinaware, fabrics or airplane wings, to say nothing of the familiar "indelible" pencil and about 50 carefully standardized colors of artists' pencils that are used by draftsmen and sketchers alike.

Just when man discovered that it was simpler to preserve and transmit words and images by leaving a mark on a receptive surface such as paper, instead of scratching it on clumsy materials like stone and wax, is lost somewhere in the current of history. The word pencil derives from the Latin "penicillus," meaning a tiny brush, a little tail. It is still applied to certain exceptionally fine-pointed paintbrushes.

Some historians think Theophilus

used a "black lead" stick for writing in ancient Rome. But a paleontologist named Conrad Gesner, writing in Zurich in 1565, was the first to describe an instrument anything like the pencil that we know today—a writing element encased in a wood tube.

Graphite was known in England and began traveling to the Continent late in the 16th century, when a tree blew down at Borrowdale in Cumberland, disclosing a deposit of this black element which would leave a greasy mark on whatever it touched.

German ingenuity worked out the first wood-cased, all-graphite pencil. This was at Nuremberg in 1761, when Caspar Faber, founder of the pencil dynasty, and his wife assembled and marketed the first commercially distributed product. Almost 100 years later, Eberhard Faber, Caspar's great-grandson, set up shop in New York City.

Today, the pencil industry is centered in greater New York and near-by New Jersey, where the factories of such leading manufacturers as Faber, American Pencil, Eagle Pencil, Dixon and General Pencil are all within a few miles of each other.

There's no inherent difference between the pencils these factories make today and those the Fabers marketed in Germany in the 18th century. But refinements in manufacturing methods have been many through the years. Gradations in hardness of leads, variations in color, and the fine "piano type" finish applied to modern pencils were unknown in the old days, as were the complex machines which now turn out pencils by the millions

in the same time formerly required to produce hundreds.

Pencils are assembled from elements gathered in far corners of the world. In addition to the two most-important ingredients, graphite from Mexico or Ceylon and incense cedar from California, they require such things as clays from Bavaria and England; flint stones from Belgium for grinding leads; rubber from Malaya; and gold leaf from South Africa for the imprinted maker's name.

Slat mills in California's High Sierras produce nothing but the raw wood blocks from which pencils are fashioned. Until large supplies of this cedar were developed and proven, manufacturers depended mainly on hard and weathered cedar fence rails from the South. Most farmers were glad to sell them to city folks, whom they thought slightly touched in the head for carting off such junk.

Today, the California trees are test-drilled before they are felled, to be sure that they will produce solid, well-textured and relatively knotless slats. Even at that, some 50 per cent of each cut tree must be wasted by the time the slats, each by centuries-old tradition from four to seven pencils wide and half a pencil thick, are cut from the aromatic heartwood and prepared for the assembly plants.

At some of the New Jersey plants the waste cedar scrap is carted away by near-by pig farmers to be used for animal bedding. A load of waste from General Pencil once contained an unsuspected quantity of dye that had been thrown out after testing. On their rounds next day, the farmers were surprised to

encounter bright-purple pigs. But eventually the color wore off, just as a pencil mark must be worn off to erase it.

The mark of any pencil is actually "indelible" on paper. It discolors the fibers and they must be scraped away by eraser or knife to take out the mark. There are no chemicals to erase invisibly, like ink eradicators. The so-called "indelible pencil" differs in that its lead is impregnated with a dye which soaks through the fibers.

The industry has developed a nonstealable "election pencil" for use in polling booths or similar public places. There is nothing different about this item except that it is attached to a five-foot string with a screw eye at the end, to be firmly anchored against the common practice of pencil "borrowing."

For reasons no one in the trade can exactly identify, most companies have found that consumers associate bright yellow with the best writing pencils. Valiant efforts to gain equal acceptance for the

same pencils painted in other colors have never entirely succeeded. So practically all companies feature at least one line of "five-centers" in this shade.

An unusual finish on a pencil is a jealously guarded stock in trade, since, like the band on the ferrule and the name of the pencil, it may constitute a trade-mark. Thousands of these trade-marks, which can be used in a variety of combinations, are registered with the Pencil Manufacturers Association.

Now here's a tip from a pencil man who would just as soon have you continue your present wasteful pencil habits. Sharpen your pencils gently in mechanical sharpeners. Pressing the tip in too hard wastes twice as much wood as is necessary to get a new point.

"And don't chew your pencils into early disuse," adds the pencil man. "However, don't think we haven't thought of turning them out in chocolate, vanilla and strawberry flavors—just to encourage the practice."



### The Young and Innocent

GOING OVER THE accounts one evening, the young husband said reproachfully, "Look, dear, the bank just returned your check."

The bride beamed. "Isn't that wonderful, darling! What'll we buy this time?"

—*Capper's Weekly*

• • •

"UPSEY-WUPSEY!" said the old lady cheerfully to the little boy who had fallen while skating.

"Upsey-wupsey, my eve!" the little boy said disgustedly. "I think I cracked my sacroiliac!"

—*FURNISS PETERSON*



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# *Man's Best Friend*

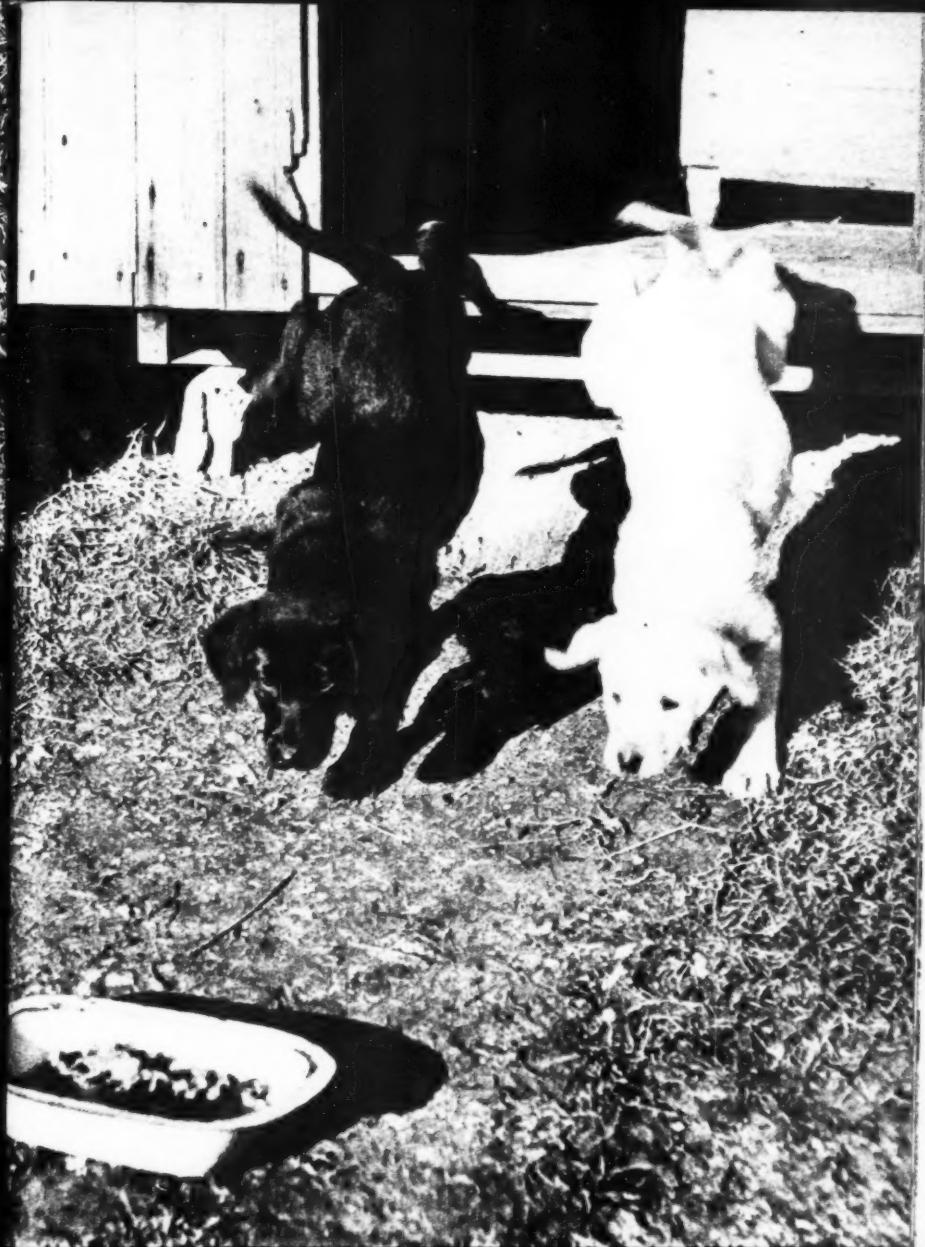
AN OLD LEGEND tells of a chasm that opened between Adam and the animal creatures after the Creation. Among the beasts on the far side of the abyss stood a dog, watching silently as the breach grew wider and wider. Suddenly, unable to stand the separation, he leaped across the cleft in the earth and took his place by the side of man—and there he has loyally remained ever since.



Somewhere a puppy is born. His lineage may be long and proud or he may be a mongrel; but his earliest days, like those of any other baby, are spent in warm security by his mother's side.



Soon he stands on wobbly legs. Though the world around him brims with magic, and every sight and sound promises rollicking adventure, the pup still scrambles along behind his mother.



Before many more days have passed, however, he begins to seek his independence. Curiosity leads him farther afield, his sense of smell is keener; his legs sturdier—he is ready to find a master.



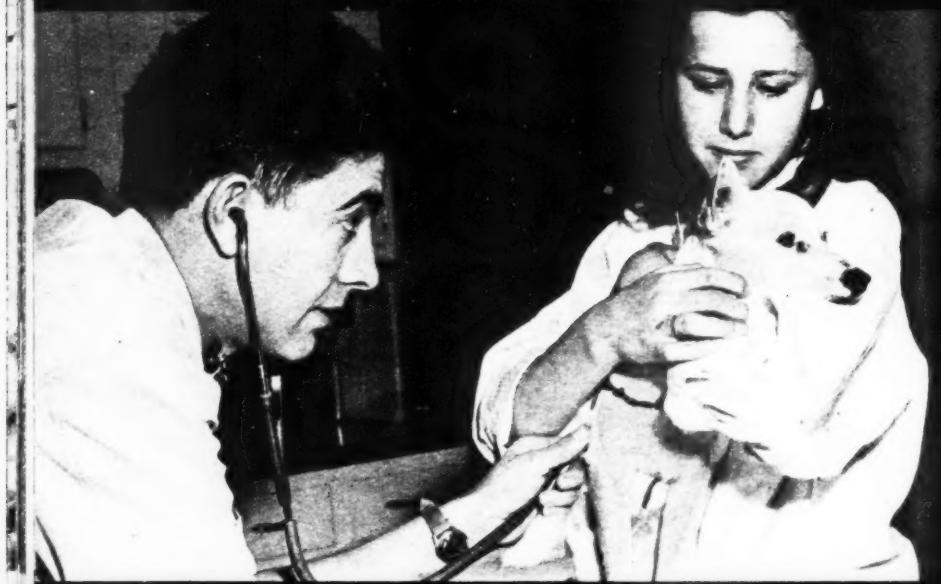
Then it happens. He cocks his head winsomely and gains an admirer. He licks a tentatively offered hand and wins a suitor. He hears the words, "I'll take him," and a whole new life begins.



Timid at first, he is cautious with his affection. But now he is *your* dog and slowly you begin to win him over. The first time he answers your call you are the proudest kid in the world.



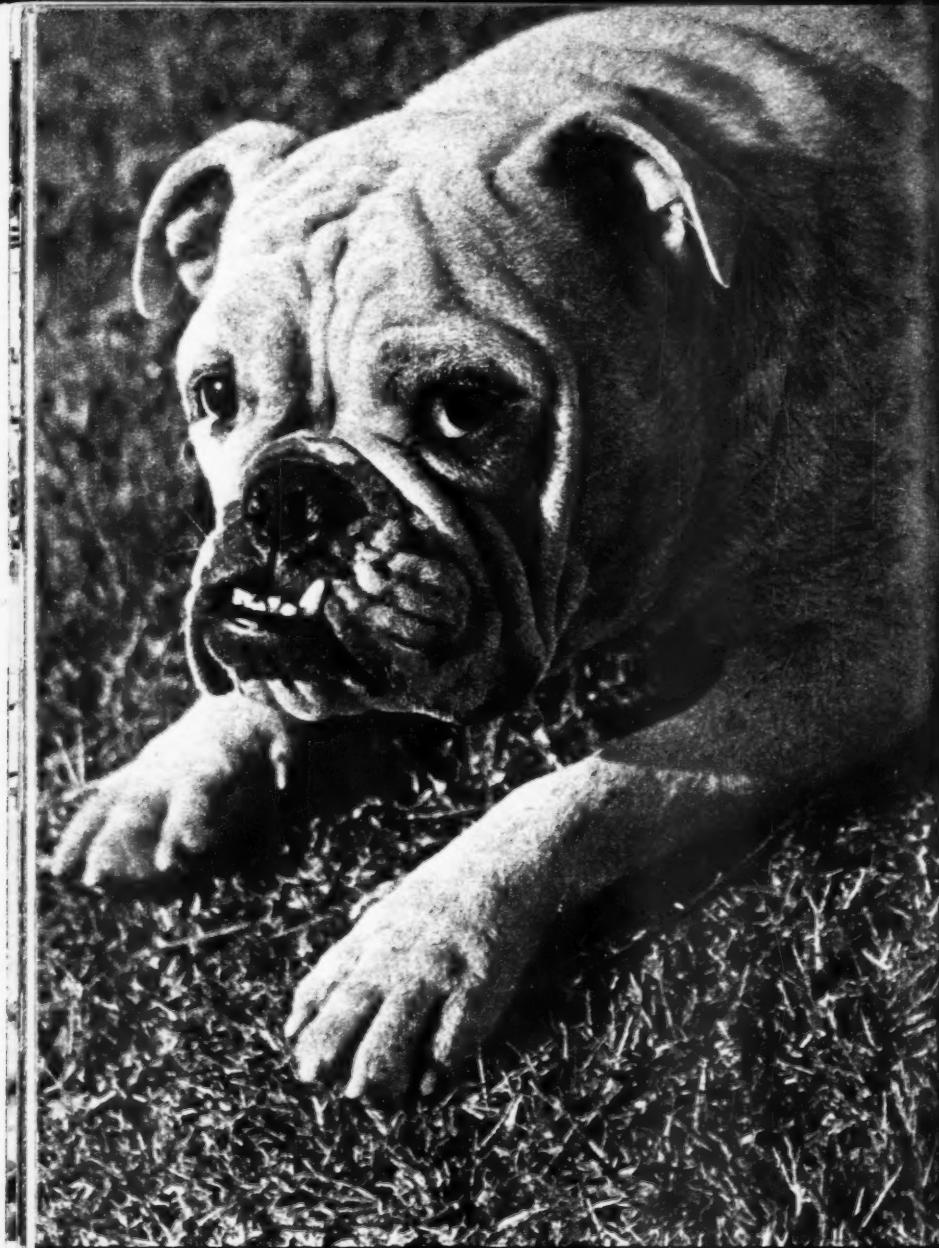
Those who have never owned a dog cannot appreciate how a pup's casual interest ripens into comradeship and ultimately becomes a love affair, withstanding every test of time and fortune.



Any ailment is a crisis. Perhaps the pup simply ate something he shouldn't have eaten, but until the vet finishes his examination and smiles reassuringly a weight rests uneasily on your heart.



You grow together, your dog and you, and the bond between you grows too. You remember the good things and forget the muddy paws and chewed slippers, the hole dug for bones that ruined your roses.



But a dog of your own can mean more than companionship. Who has not read of routed burglars, a baby rescued from a creek, the bark in the night that saved a family from death by fire?



For the sheepherder, alone in the hills, a dog is a loyal comrade and faithful assistant. Sheep recognize him as a friendly guide; marauding wolves know enough to keep their distance.



Powerful Huskies have penetrated to the far places of the earth. Through the Yukon, north and south to the Poles, dog teams have pulled men across frozen wastes to glory.



Once, when man hunted the food he needed, his dog led him to the game, retrieved and guarded it. Now, though hunting is primarily a sport, the dog still loves his fun with the sportsman.



But the hundreds of blind who walk today know better than any the tie between dog and man. An unfailing guide, the dog has capped his list of services to man as the very eyes of sightless masters.



A grieving dog by the side of a stricken master is silent witness to the strength of the tie that binds them. His is a devoted and steadfast vigil until he hears his owner's voice again.



And the inherent faithfulness of dogs is not reserved for their owners. Often some mysterious welding force makes the loss of an animal friend a tragedy as real and sharp as any human suffering.



To this boy who has lost his comrade, the world will never be the same. Only someone who has held a lifeless pet tenderly in his arms can know this despair, this utter blackness of personal loss.







And through the years vanish into yesterday, and your home is filled  
only with memory, you are not alone. There is always one friend who  
will keep unhappiness away, for as long as both of you shall live.

# Colorado's Little Doctor

by KATHARINE BEST and KATHARINE HILLYER



Florence Sabin has had a long and distinguished career, but at 77 she's still carrying on a crusade for better health

THE LITTLE ROOM IN the district courthouse of Steamboat Springs, Colorado, was jammed with people. Outside, winter winds howled down off the Rockies and snow fell furiously. It was a grim night for a meeting. Would the "Little Doctor" make it?

Eight o'clock came and went. Then 8:10, 8:20. Several men went to the door and peered out anxiously for the black sedan with Denver license plate. Nothing but whirling, blinding snow. At 8:30, a cry went up from one of the men.

"Here she comes!" he shouted. "She's made it again!"

Into the crowded room stomped the "Little Doctor"—a 75-year-old woman with cheeks aglow and eyes bright. Her glasses were frosted, her gray hair was tucked under a

scarf, her feet were encased in heavy snow-boots. She paused to take off the boots, then walked up to the platform and started to talk.

"We think of our state as a health resort," she began. "Yet we're dying faster than people in most states. In the past five years, 1,829 Coloradans have died from preventable diseases, and 12,833 have died from controllable causes. If we had applied in this state what we already know about preventive medicine and health protection, we could have saved 8,245 of these people."

It was Dr. Florence Sabin speaking, a woman who has been called "the most eminent living woman scientist," the "Little Doctor" who crossed mountains in blizzards to tell the people of her state that their disease and death rates were a scandal, their health laws archaic, their public-health program weak and ineffectual.

As she spoke, her resonant voice

enthralled — and appalled — listeners. For when Dr. Sabin becomes engrossed in her subject, her eyes light up, her cheeks glow, her whole face takes on the eloquence of her words.

The meeting in Steamboat Springs, 80 miles from Denver over mountain passes, was one of some 120 such assemblies addressed by Dr. Sabin between the winter of 1945 and the spring of 1947, and attended by 20 to 200 citizens each. Her journeys with her two associates, Herbert Moe and Dr. Roy L. Cleere, took her into schoolrooms, court-rooms and lodge halls in almost every community in the state. She never turned down a request to talk about Colorado's health to Colorado's people. It was the only way to get results in what she calls her "second career."

This "second career," unlike the first, came about quite by chance. Late in 1944, as a sop to women's interests in Colorado, she was named chairman of health on the state's Postwar Planning Committee. Since she was 73 at the time, perhaps Governor John Vivian felt that she was too old to upset political applecarts. But he, plus a lot of other Coloradans, didn't know the "Little Doctor."

She had spent a lifetime developing precisely the qualities of independence, fearlessness, impartiality and zeal. She took one good look at health conditions in the state, summed them up as disgraceful, and set about to right them. In the process, she roused the whole state, from grass-root citizens to top officials. The result has been one of the

most-successful health crusades in American history.

Dr. Sabin came by her medical career quite naturally, since there were doctors in her New England ancestry. Her grandfather had been a country doctor, and her father, George Kimball Sabin, was a medical student before he decided to go West to the booming gold town of Central City, Colorado. There he met Rena Miner, a schoolteacher from Vermont, and married her. On November 9, 1871, in a house that hugged a mountain slope, Florence Rena Sabin was born.

She and her sister Mary left Central City while children. Their mother had died, and their father wanted them to have a New England education. By the time Florence had been graduated from Smith College with a B. S. degree, the new medical school at Johns Hopkins in Baltimore was opening its doors to women, and she enrolled there. Gradually the qualities which were to make her a notable American began emerging.

Every phase of Florence Sabin's life, from her student days at Hopkins to her retirement from the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research in 1938, is marked by high scientific, medical and educational triumphs.

Honor followed honor during her early years. In 1917, she was appointed professor of histology at Johns Hopkins, first time in history that a woman had ever served on the faculty. In 1924, she was elected to the National Academy of Science, first woman ever to join that august body. In 1925, she was called to



the Rockefeller Institute (again the first woman) to head a group working on tuberculosis control.

Not all of Dr. Sabin's time was devoted to erudite and professional pursuits, however. During the summer months she would return to Denver, where her sister, also unmarried, taught mathematics in the East Denver High School, and together they would take one of their beloved automobile tours.

Over the Rockies they would chug—to Yellowstone, to California, to any place that held promise of excitement and beauty. They slept in the car, and cooked their meals camp-fashion over a stick fire. Seven times they traveled thus to California, and three times to Yellowstone.

Dr. Simon Flexner, director of the Rockefeller Institute, called Dr. Sabin "the most eminent of living women scientists." For years she was a popular speaker at medical and scientific meetings all over the United States. Once she talked for more than an hour to a group of Western physicians. Afterwards one of the doctors said: "That's the only hen medic *I'd* listen to for an hour."

About this time, one of her friends remarked: "Dr. Sabin is the only person I have ever known who, if she had the choice, would live her life over again exactly as it was." This was before 1938, when Dr. Sabin, aged 67, retired from the Rockefeller Institute and went home to Denver to live in peace and quiet.

For six years she lived happily with her sister, who had also retired, in their Capitol Hill apartment. Occasionally she was con-

sulted on local health questions, but there was no hint that in November, 1944, at the age of 73, she was to be catapulted into a new career.

On that November day, a feature writer for the *Denver Post*, Mrs. Frances Wayne, was interviewing Governor Vivian. The Governor showed her the list of people he had drawn up for appointment to his Postwar Planning Committee.

"Aren't women people?" Mrs. Wayne asked irritably.

"Certainly," said the Governor. "What do you mean?"

"I mean," said Mrs. Wayne, "that there are no women on this list of yours. Yet do you know, Governor, that right here in Denver we have one of the greatest women in the world?"

The Governor quickly added Florence Sabin to his list, and so it came about that Colorado's health campaign was headed by a motherly little woman who had the astonishing idea that when you were appointed to a committee you went to work and didn't stop until you had achieved results.

Dr. Sabin, starting next morning, applied her scientist's training to the new job. She talked with health officials, dairymen, veterinarians, hospital directors, stock growers and sewage-disposal workers. She read report after report, all pigeonholed by disinterested legislators, on Colorado's health conditions; quickly and accurately she came to two conclusions:

One, Coloradans rarely gave a thought to public health, primarily because they were lulled by the fact that their state was a health resort. Two, Colorado's public-

health program was bogged down in politics, vested interests and patronage jobbery.

She came to a decision, too. Unless the people of the state were made aware of these shameful facts, nothing would ever be done about them. So, with characteristic resolve and intensity, she began letting her people know.

Dr. Sabin visited Colorado's communities—always at her own expense—speaking before PTA groups, men's clubs, medical associations, farmers' meetings, but mostly just-folks gatherings such as the one in Steamboat Springs.

One dismal morning at 8 o'clock she started out for Sterling, 125 miles from Denver, with Herbert Moe, executive secretary of the Committee on Health, for a meeting scheduled at noon. Snow started to fall, and soon drifts were making their journey a perilous one. Highway patrolmen were urging all traffic to get off the roads. But Moe and Dr. Sabin drove doggedly on, she shawled and booted, he rapidly deciding they would never make it. Finally she said:

"How much farther is it?"

"Another 50 miles," Moe answered grimly.

"Good," she said, glancing at her watch. "We'll make it. It's only 11 o'clock."

As Moe said later, "On the sunniest, finest day, we couldn't have covered that 50 miles in an hour. But we got there eventually, she told them in wonderful words how awful things were, and everybody fell in love with her, as usual."

Coloradans have been falling in love with Dr. Sabin ever since she started her "second career." Make

health your primary concern, she tells them, and vote for the men who will vote for better health laws in your state. As a result, revolutionary things have happened in Colorado.

The state's health laws, many of them horse-and-buggy regulations, have been completely modernized. The Division of Health is now an efficient and state-wide Department of Health.

"There wasn't even a phone number before," comments Dr. Sabin. "Now there are eight departments offering a full quota of health services."

Salaries for civil-service jobs were increased and standards of employment raised. Bills were passed which gave health authorities the right to inspect, and condemn if necessary, water supplies, sewage disposal, milk and meat supplies, irrigated vegetables.

Coincidentally, Assembly and Senate candidates of 1946 who quibbled with or fought these changes went down to defeat in county after county throughout the state. W. Lee Knous, Democratic candidate for governor in a landslide Republican year, endorsed the Sabin program all through his campaign. He won.

Today, the people she has worked with speak proudly of Dr. Sabin's potencies as a crusader.

"She's positively great at generating ideas," says Dr. James P. Dixon, medical director of the Denver General Hospital.

"She's the most self-effacing person I know," reports Helen L. Burke of the Colorado Tuberculosis Association.

"She's a lovable tornado," says

## Dr. Cleere of the Public Health Department.

"Ability as an organizer, forthrightness, adaptability, enthusiasm, stamina—she's got them all," says Governor Knous.

Since last January, Dr. Sabin has been Denver's manager of health and charities. "An uninteresting position," she calls it. "Purely a stopgap to keep an obstructionist out of the job."

Nevertheless, for the past year the Denver Public Health Department has been turning Denver inside out with its investigations and reports on local sources of disease. The city now is as busy cleaning up as is the rest of the state.

In addition to serving as a Denver health official—incidentally Dr. Sabin's first paid job since Rockefeller Institute days—she is also a

member of Senator Milliken's Advisory Council on Social Security. This necessitates frequent trips to Washington, which she must fit in between Public Health Association meetings in such places as Salt Lake City and San Francisco. Where she finds the time for all these activities, nobody knows.

Years ago Dr. Sabin said: "A time will come when men and women will live their allotted span quietly, peacefully, without illness, free from pain, until they pass quietly as a tired child closes sleepy eyes, from this world to the next."

It was Florence Rena Sabin's credo as a young medical researcher. Today, as a septuagenarian crusader, she still believes it. Certainly no one has done more, and is doing more, to implement that credo for all the people of America.

## The Not-So-Open Road



Motorists should treat everybody as though they are blind, deaf or defective. Pedestrians should treat all motorists as though they are homicidal maniacs. Then, between the two, we should get fewer accidents.

—L. F. BECKLE, Romford Coroner: *English Digest*

A woman can look at an automobile that is passing her at 50 miles an hour, and tell whether or not the woman in the car is the man's wife.

—*Merry Stories Omnibus Book*

We could never understand why children are too young to work under 18, but are old enough to drive a 1,500-pound car 70 miles an hour.

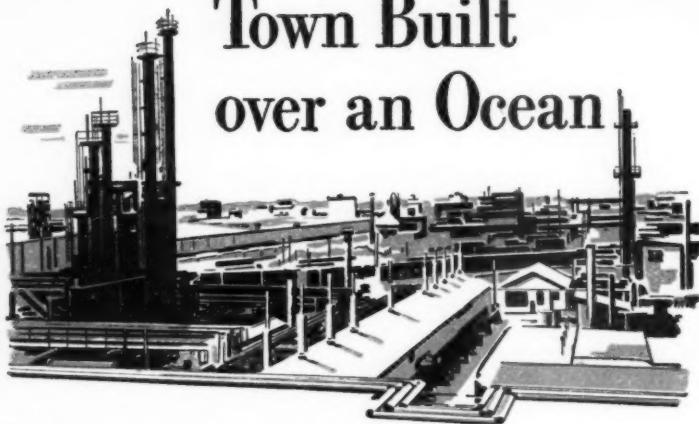
—*Don King*

An amber light is something the other fellow is supposed to wait for while you drive through.

The new cars have four speeds—first, second, third and you'll be sorry.

—*Bob Hope*

# Town Built over an Ocean



**At Midland, Michigan, Herbert Dow built a chemical empire on riches from the sea**

**by MURRAY TEIGH BLOOM**

IT BEGAN WITH A geographical paradox, mushroomed as a chemical oddity and became a whopping \$200,000,000 business — thanks to the romantic fact that the ocean is the world's biggest treasure chest. Today, products of the Dow Chemical Company have improved our bread, shoes, vegetables, machinery, gasoline, roads, trains, planes, drugs, clothing, artificial rubber, paper, radio, motors, soap, and in hundreds of other ways have raised the tenor of modern living not only in the U. S., but throughout the world.

The company's name itself is probably not too familiar, because Dow does little direct selling to the consumer. However, its polysyllabic chemicals are key ingredients that go into the well-advertised products of other companies. Among other

things, Dow Chemical is the nation's biggest producer of chlorine and aspirin in bulk.

The main Dow plant is located in Michigan because geography is not always what it seems to be. Tall, moustached Herbert Dow came to the town of Midland in 1890 to tap the great treasure house that he knew the ocean to be. The nearest ocean, however, is about 600 miles away. The answer? Thousands of feet under Michigan lay the remnants of long-forgotten seas.

In tapping those ancient brines to build one of the five largest chemical empires in the U.S., Herbert Dow survived explosions, near-misses and discouragements that attended his early years in Midland. Once, he and some workers were drilling for brine when they struck oil. The men were understandably elated. Not Herbert Dow.

"Any fool can dig for oil," said

the former Cleveland chemistry teacher. "I'm trying to build a chemical business."

And build it he did—so successfully that within a few years he was ready to do battle with one of the world's biggest antagonists. In 1906, the giant German chemical cartel took notice of the fledgling Midland firm which had the temerity to export bromides—made from brine, of course—to Europe and South America, areas which the cartel considered its own precincts.

In a St. Louis hotel room—Dow was taking his family to California for a vacation—an agent of the cartel laid down an ultimatum. Unless Dow withdrew from foreign markets, the cartel would undersell him in America. Dow's answer was a brief and forceful no. That night he wired Midland to start selling bromides regardless of price.

The war went on for three years. As fast as the cartel undercut Dow's prices in the U.S., Dow undersold the Germans in Europe. Finally, in 1909, the dazed cartel gave up the fight and Dow continued to export bromides all over the world. For the first time, an American firm had licked a German cartel.

**T**o understand the almost-legendary feats of the Dow Company, you must first appreciate the truly fabulous wealth of the ocean. A cubic mile of sea water contains 128,300,000 tons of common salt, 18,000,000 tons of magnesium chloride, 7,800,000 tons of magnesium sulphate (Epsom salts), 5,900,000 tons of calcium sulphate and 360,000 tons of magnesium bromide. In lesser, rather impractical quantities, this cubic mile also contains

iodine, iron, copper, silver and gold. Yet in the case of the Dow Company, none of it has to be laboriously mined. It is pumped up into tanks from the brine wells sunk thousands of feet into the Michigan countryside.

From the basic chemicals found in brine, Dow went on to make chlorine through electrolysis of salt, and to form caustic soda which is sold largely to producers of soap and rayon, and is also used in oil refining.

Chlorine is a versatile chemical. After treatment it becomes carbon tetrachloride, the noninflammable liquid used in dry cleaning. With benzene and caustic soda, chlorine becomes phenol, which in a certain chemical form is carbolic acid. Phenol is the basic stuff of some heavy-duty plastics. In addition, chlorine is also treated to make aspirin and synthetic flavorings.

Dow found that, combined with benzene and treated with ammonia, the cheaply obtained chlorine formed aniline, and the synthetic production of aniline in the U. S. helped break the German monopoly on artificial dyes.

When he died in 1930, Herbert Dow had built a great company to pass on to his oldest son, Willard Henry Dow. Yet soon after Willard took over at the age of 33 he came up against a crucial problem. Ultimately, his solution to it comprised one of the major achievements in American chemical engineering and a vital contribution to the Allied cause in World War II.

During the early '30s, antiknock gasoline was coming into favor with motorists and the Ethyl Gasoline Corporation wanted vast new sup-

plies of bromine, a key element in the production of high-octane gas. The quantities needed were far beyond the capacities of even the bountiful Dow wells in Michigan. Why not try the sea itself?

The result was the Ethyl-Dow Chemical Company, with a pioneering plant near Wilmington, North Carolina. Here, on the shores of the Atlantic, the company proved two things: that the chemical storehouse of the sea could be tapped successfully, and that chemicals of even greater value were being thrown back into the ocean.

Although the ocean-tapping experience made it possible for the U. S. to have sufficient high-octane gas when World War II approached, even more important was the know-how that Dow gained in extracting from the deep an even-more-important wartime element than bromine—the magic metal, magnesium.

“Maggie,” as they call the metal at Dow, had been one of the items that founder Herbert Dow was stubborn about. Yet right up to his death in 1930, neither the Government nor industry would listen to his claims for the wonderfully strong metal that was one-third lighter than aluminum. Until the fateful day in 1939 when a German fighter plane was shot down over England, the Dow Company had been losing money in its stubborn pioneering production of magnesium.

The British discovered that the Nazi craft had well over 500 pounds of magnesium in its motor and assembly. That seemed to be the turning point. It wasn’t long before defense-conscious America couldn’t get enough of the stuff. The first

solid bar ever made from sea water was produced in January, 1941, at the huge sea-straining plant erected by Dow at Freeport, Texas. Before the war ended, the average fighting plane contained at least 1,000 pounds of magnesium.

Today, “Maggie” is still a Dow problem child. Even at 21 cents a pound, the once-scarce metal has to be pushed patiently. In 1947, production was about 20,000,000 pounds, compared to 500,000,000 during a war year. Some of the 20,000,000 goes into a stock pile, while the rest is finding its way into such diverse items as home griddles, sewing machines, bus wheels, ladders, wheelbarrows, skis, planes, cameras, boats and furniture.

WHEN WILLARD DOW took over the reins, the company’s operations were confined to Midland. In the 19 years since, the firm has expanded all over the U. S. and Canada. In addition to magnesium development work, Dow is now producing a new artificial fabric called Saran. GIs who served in the Pacific will remember it as the remarkable screening that never rusted. Today it is being produced as a durable lustrous yarn.

With the Corning Glass Company, Dow has teamed up to form Dow-Corning Corporation, largest maker of silicones, a new class of synthetics based on sand which are beginning to make themselves known as special oils, greases, rubbers and plastics. Dow-Corning hopes soon to have on the market a silicone process that will permanently waterproof every kind of textile fabric. When Willard Dow talks of the immense accomplish-

ments of his research and production men, he does not talk of chemical "miracles" traceable to the traditionally "happy accidents" in the laboratory. For each of the advances achieved, the company put in years of research, plus hundreds of thousands of dollars. Yet, in one sense, the most-important by-product ever turned out by Dow



Chemical has been the town of Midland itself.

When Dr. Herbert Dow first came to this out-of-the-way village in 1890, it had a bare 2,000 population and a dismal future. Timberlands had been cut, the local salt industry was primitive, there were no important near-by industries. Dow changed the course of Midland's destiny—without creating a typical "company town."

As a rule, in this kind of community, the company owns or controls the newspaper, owns most of the homes and stores, dominates the social, intellectual, economic and political life of the community. That Midland has never fallen into this pattern is due largely to three factors: the Dows, the Doctors of Philosophy, and the rugged independence of rural Michiganders.

The Dows have always felt they were an integral part of Midland. Herbert and Willard Dow both married local girls and their children have always attended local schools. Today, the head of the company is a millionaire, but Midland's old-timers find it hard to forget that only yesterday the concern consisted of a temporary shack

with dubious backing and a questionable future.

At 52, Willard Dow has yet to acquire any of the characteristics usually associated with titans of Big Business. His face is practically unlined, his gait is youthful, his disposition is definitely not ulcerous. Even his silver-gray hair somehow manages to add to the impression that the man is about 15 years younger than his actual age.

He loves chemical research, and for a long time after he assumed control of the firm in 1930 he continued to devote part of his time to laboratory experiments. Only after he narrowly escaped death in an explosion while witnessing a lab test, along with several other top men, did it become an unwritten law at Dow that Willard would no longer take part in hazardous experiments.

The concentration at Midland of hundreds of Master's and Doctoral degree holders in chemistry does more than make it just about the best-educated town of its size in the country. These college-trained citizens work hard and intelligently to maintain their town as a good place to rear families. In 1945, Midland acquired a Council-Manager form of government, all the councilmen but one being Dow employees. A year later, when Midland voted on a \$750,000 school-bond issue, it was approved by a margin of 10 to 1.

Midland has a symphony orchestra of 50, a little-theater group, choral groups, and more women's clubs than the average community of 100,000. As for sports, some 1,300 residents play softball regularly; 1,500 are members of the

bowling league; nearly every able-bodied male hunts and fishes.

Despite these after-work activities, a surprising number of Dow employees have developed spare-time businesses. For example, much of the farming in Midland County is done by Dow workers who farm their 40 to 80 acres on week ends. As a result of this decentralized living, the plant draws its personnel from six counties, with some men driving as much as 60 miles to work.

In Midland, the youngsters keep busy too. Juvenile delinquency is practically unknown, chiefly because 75 per cent of the town's youngsters are enrolled in the Dow Junior Athletic Club. Under this program, all school youths can join

any one of the dozens of intramural sports teams, each coached by an ex-college athlete.

Before leaving Midland, you go through your notes and try to add everything up. The total picture is too good. There must be *something* wrong with Midland.

I put the problem up to Norman C. Rumble, husky young managing editor of the Midland *Daily News*. He thought a while, then said: "You can attribute the lack of local gripes to one of those rare combinations: Midland happens to be a good town to live in, and Dow happens to be a good place to work. When you get a setup like that coming out of a test tube, it's really high-powered chemistry!"

## Conversation Stoppers



A FATHER SENT for his younger child, aged five, and explained that early in the morning the gardener had found a lovely little baby sister among the cabbages.

"Now write to your brother Jack (his older brother at boarding school) and tell him."

The child, all innocence, wrote the letter and later handed it to his father for posting. The father, a bit curious, thought he would see what the child had said. The message was terse and illuminating. It read: "Dear Jack: You owe me a buck. It's a girl."

—*Romulus* by ROBERT T. LEWIS, E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc.

A WEALTHY MAN wanted a quiet place, away from cities and noise. He selected the site for a luxurious lodge deep in the backwoods, had a topnotch architect draw up the plans, and then dispatched them to the local carpenter with instructions to follow the blueprints exactly.

After a few months, the tycoon went to see what progress had been made, only to find that not a single plank had been cut. The distracted man turned to the carpenter for an explanation.

"Them blueprints was done by a crazy man," the carpenter informed him angrily. "Why, if I was to build that house the way it's laid out, you'd have two bathrooms!"

—*Swing*

# CONTROL THAT TEMPER!



Uncontrolled anger can lead to tragedy, so here are some practical suggestions for checking those emotional outbursts

by GEORGE W. KISKER

YOU HAD A TEMPER—and a violent one—the day you were born. Your first cry was an angry protest against a strange new world. Temper begins as a simple reaction against not getting what we want, and later grows into one of our most-basic and personal emotions.

We don't all show our temper in the same way, but the typical out-

burst is familiar. Veins in the face, neck and temples swell, and there is an increased tempo of bodily movements. In some people the storm is so furious that they cannot speak; others burst into tears; still others are so "blinded" by rage that they become violent.

There is no limit to the tragic extremes to which a bad temper may lead. In their living room after a tennis tournament, a Midwestern couple began to argue. They had been partners that afternoon in a game of doubles, and the wife had missed the shot which cost them the match.

The young man accused his wife of being a poor player. Temper flaring, she leaned over and slapped his face. Enraged, he ran into the bedroom and pulled a revolver from a drawer. Then he returned to the living room and killed his wife.

Fortunately, most outbursts don't end so tragically—yet even the "garden variety" of temper can be damaging to your personality. One of the worst kinds of everyday temper is the kind that never shows itself, but is released slowly in the form of nagging, ugly moods and belligerence.

People with this kind of temper have strong feelings of resentment and hostility which never break into conscious life. Sometimes the feelings find a satisfactory outlet and the individual may turn critic or reformer. But when suitable outlets are not found, the individual becomes quarrelsome, petty and unpopular.

Recently, a diplomat at one of the international conferences in Paris remarked that he couldn't understand why he had a reputa-

tion for being bad-tempered. "I've only had one really serious outburst in my life," he declared.

"Yes," answered a friend, "but when is it going to end?"

Yet temper has a constructive—as well as a destructive—side. "If it had not been for anger," declares Dr. Edward A. Strecker, prominent Philadelphia psychiatrist, "human beings would have lost in the struggle for existence and perished from the earth." In other words, Dr. Strecker believes that unless the average individual becomes angry now and then he won't get along in the world.

Outbreaks of temper serve as an emotional safety valve to reduce our inner tensions. Excessive temper, however, is a dangerous handicap; emotional outbursts, if carried far enough, become a form of self-destruction. Heart disease, stomach disorders, headaches, and nervous and glandular disturbances may have their roots in unhealthy habits of anger.

The phrase, "He was so mad he almost broke a blood vessel," is one you hear almost every day. Yet there is truth in it. If you have a weak heart or poor arteries, you should not allow yourself the luxury of outbursts. "Anger frequently brings on attacks of angina pectoris," says Dr. N. C. Gilbert, professor of medicine at Northwestern University. "It causes more pains and attacks than any other one emotional disturbance."

People with violent tempers often have chronic stomach trouble. "A shower of nerve impulses coming down from a brain overwrought with worry, fight, or chronic fear," declares Dr. Joseph Franklin Mon-

tague of New York City, "can give rise to disturbances in the food canal." Anger upsets the nervous system, and an upset nervous system interferes with the smooth functioning of the stomach and intestines.

Excessive anger is also a frequent cause of certain headaches. It is generally agreed that one of the worst types—migraine—is caused by the opening of blood vessels in the brain. Anger, since it raises the blood pressure, is often the trigger which sets off an attack.

According to Dr. Walter C. Alvarez of Mayo Clinic, one of the most effective ways to get rid of head-splitting migraine is to lead a calm and placid life.

**H**OW CAN YOU LEARN to handle temper? First, you must be willing to admit that you *are* angry. It won't do any good to say that you aren't upset, since people who take such an attitude are simply fooling themselves.

Once you have faced the problem, there are four things that can be done: (1) You can identify the reasons for your anger; (2) you can express your temper in an acceptable way; (3) you can divert your anger; (4) you can avoid situations that cause an outburst.

After a flare of temper, sit down and try to uncover the reason for it. Remember, it isn't always an immediate situation that causes anger: the real reason may be something that happened yesterday, last week or even last month. In trying to analyze yourself, look for the obvious things first.

One common cause of anger is hunger. Parents notice that chil-

dren are more likely to show temper just before mealtime. This pattern also holds for adults. Hence, many people take a quick bite of food when they feel anger coming on, the theory being that extra energy helps to ward off the onset.

Fatigue is also a common cause of tantrums. Children are more irritable after a day at school; men are more likely to "fly off the handle" toward the end of the working day; and women show tempers after hours of working around the house. The best cure for anger of this type is rest and relaxation. Sometimes a quick nap is all that's needed to head off an approaching storm.

Excessive temper sometimes has its roots in sex. Men and women who have been unable to come to terms with sex are likely to have deep emotional conflicts. The continual tension and psychological uneasiness are often expressed in temper outbursts.

Perhaps your deep-rooted anger is caused by your job. Hair-trigger tempers are more frequent in certain occupations than in others, especially if the work is exacting and tedious. For example, opera singers, actors, watchmakers and scientists are notorious for outbursts. And the same is true of certain medical men, whose daily work is exacting and wearing.

Another common source of anger is unrealized ambition. If there is something you want very badly, and can't get, you are being frustrated. So when you seek the cause of your outbursts, examine your ambitions and daydreams. If they are not being realized as quickly

as you had hoped, your temper may be simply an expression of this frustration.

For many people, however, anger is merely an attention-getting device, since it forces others to sit up and take notice. A husband who has been dominated by his wife may express anger to convince himself that he is still important, or a neglected wife may use a tantrum to force her husband to pay more attention to her.

Temper may even be caused by boredom. When a Denver couple was recently haled into court for fighting, they agreed that they were peaceable and affectionate most of the time, but told the judge that they had to have a bitter quarrel every few weeks.

"Anger is a pleasant experience for us," said the husband. "It wakes us up, and makes us feel alive."

The second step in dealing with anger is to find an acceptable way of expressing it. The child may bite or strike an offender; he may smash to the ground whatever he has in his hand. Many grownups feel the same impulse to break things when they are angry. They slam doors, kick over furniture.

When Myrna Loy gets angry, she kicks a footstool until she cools off. Veronica Lake keeps several old dresses handy. When she feels temper coming on, she rips them apart. And when Winston Churchill is upset, he bites down hard on that famous cigar.

Sometimes you can get relief from anger by talking it over with someone. When things upset you, you may want to kick the kid sister



or wring the baby's neck. But it would be much better if you explained to a sympathetic friend how you felt, for he might be able to give you a better understanding of your situation and tell you what to do about it.

Some people find release from temper in fantasy. Dinah Shore writes angry letters that are never mailed. "When I get riled," she says, "I can't say things and stay ladylike. So I pound them out on my typewriter." After she has written the letter, Dinah signs it, seals it and then burns the envelope. "That way, my temper goes up in smoke," she explains.

The third method of handling anger is to divert it. Sometimes temper can be headed off by words that bring on laughter. One young New Yorker had a brother who flew into fits of terrible rage. Yet if anyone called, "Watch out for my sore corn!" the anger would melt into laughter.

Even the old idea of counting to ten is a good way of diverting anger. Simple as it is, it gives you a chance to cool off. Temper reaches a climax quickly. If you can delay the climax, so much the

better. Counting is a calm, impersonal and mechanical process, based on the simple supposition that one emotion must displace another.

The fourth rule for handling temper is to avoid situations that cause it. Anger is contagious. An angry shopper stirs anger in the salesgirl; an angry husband sets off his wife's temper; an angry teacher soon finds that she has a roomful of irritable students.

The example of parents is also important, for if a child sees his father and mother getting what they want through displays of rage, he will try the same thing.

Many parents unconsciously build up anger patterns in their children. They select toys so complicated that a child can't understand them; they force their youngsters into complex social situations. As a result, the children give vent to anger and rage.

Now, obviously, it isn't easy to control your temper. But it can be done if you *really* want to do it. Once you admit to yourself that anger is a social, business and physical handicap, you will have made the first—and most important—step toward temper control.

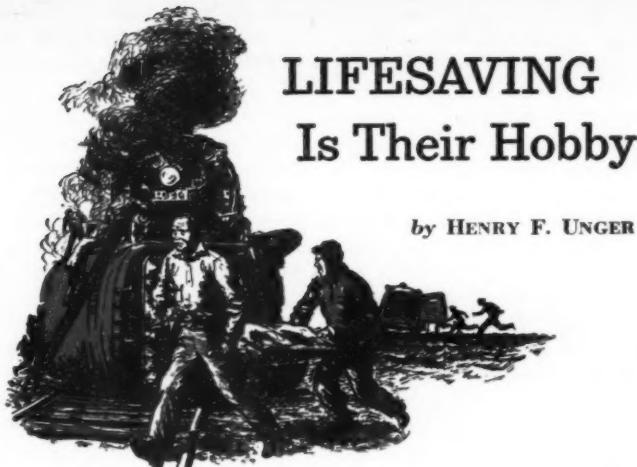
### Wonderful Whistle Stops

IF YOU PICK YOUR WAY carefully through the Postal Guide, you will find that almost every state has some little town that reflects its spirit in a word. Here are some of them:

Wonderland, California  
Chilly, Idaho  
Water Proof, Louisiana

Smokeless, Pennsylvania  
Pointblank, Texas  
Love, Virginia

—From a *Treasury of Trivia*, by LEONARD LEVINSON



## LIFESAVING Is Their Hobby

by HENRY F. UNGER

Whenever lives are at stake, Maryland's volunteer squad of young citizens roars to the rescue, ready for any emergency

THEY WORK FOR NO salary, they share no profits, there is no charge for their service, and it costs the taxpayer not a cent. Purely as a hobby, some 40 civic-minded young men in the Maryland area of Bethesda-Chevy Chase rush pregnant women to hospitals, manipulate crowbars to extricate trapped victims in highway accidents or swoop into gas-filled rooms to prevent suicides. Their shingle indicates that the Bethesda-Chevy Chase Rescue Squad, Inc., is a nonprofit enterprise, devoted only to saving lives.

Ranging in age from 18 to 36, these men have snatched thousands of people from death's door. So intense is their desire to save lives that even when animals are in danger the squad car roars out.

Each of the 40 "minutemen"

spends one night a week on duty at headquarters. From 7 P. M. to 7 A. M., at least eight members eagerly wait for the ring of the distress signal, catapulting them into their car and ambulances.

These modern knights of the road met a tough assignment one evening. An excited voice reported a collision between a train and a passenger-filled bus. "Cleaning the house," every member rushed to his post. When they reached the wreck, nine persons moaned from beneath twisted steel.

Instantly, the Rescue Squad sprang into action. Like professionals, some men applied bars while others, unable to apply acetylene torches because of the gasoline which lay in pools amidst the wreckage, measured the victims' positions to remove them as painlessly as possible.

A great boon to a community of 100,000 inhabitants, the young men's rescue squad has won acco-

lades from senators, governors and other prominent personages. Constantly, letters reach headquarters from small towns throughout America, pleading for advice on how to finance and operate a volunteer emergency ambulance service.

Chief Donald W. Dunnington, known as "Duck," acts as public-relations man, recruit-training expert, a director and backbone of the squad. He is backed by members who hold a variety of jobs in the community. Several attend college, others are business executives, still others are plumbers, carpenters and engineers. But all of them faithfully follow the duty schedule on the bulletin board.

Failure to report for duty merits an immediate trial-board meeting, which hands out extra work details. Injury to equipment and insubordination to officers is frowned upon by the Squad. Dunnington insists that "if we are to save lives and keep this hobby on a high level, we need order and discipline—and I might add, the boys love it."

It was in 1938 that Dunnington, 18 years old and a member of the local volunteer fire department, first coughed his 1928 Nash ambulance to a stop on local streets. With trepidation he rang doorbells, pleading for financial aid to expand an ambulance squad of which he was the lone member. Soon he gathered two aides—one a radio-man, who was literally pulled to an emergency case and since has never failed to respond while on duty.

Dunnington possessed a thorough knowledge of first aid and had a couple of blankets in his old Nash. But emergency runs were short-lived with the ancient car. Gasoline

money was soon exhausted—and Dunnington had to give up.

Only the advent of World War II and the need for an emergency ambulance service speeded the return of Dunnington and his cohorts. He invested \$500 of his own money in an ambulance, and soon spectacular dashes to the Potomac to rescue drowning persons, gallant savings of would-be suicides, and sorties into hilly country after stricken citizens brought local headlines and the blessing of city fathers.

Today, the Bethesda-Chevy Chase group, equipped with three ambulances, takes a back seat for no comparable group in the U. S. Wives and sweethearts of members organized a women's auxiliary. With their male counterparts, they stage dances, carnivals and horse shows. At Christmas time, the heroes set up Christmas-tree plots, and all money goes to the squad.

Dunnington was repaid his money, and new equipment began converting the Squad into a modern lifesaving unit.

Any young man in the Squad area is eligible for membership, but a screening process is held before anyone can become a bona-fide member. "We've got to make sure they have a real interest in our work," Chief Dunnington says. Even when the group has voted to admit a new member, he must serve a 30-day probationary period.

**M**ANY MEN HAVE JOINED the Squad through accidents in which they were involved. One, an assistant chief, was thrown from his motorcycle. A Rescue Squad ambulance saved his life. Another member, once a playboy, owes his life

to Squad members who administered oxygen after his car crashed. A hospital stay stirred serious thoughts in his mind. He dropped his philandering and now is a conscientious lifesaver.

Since five instructors conduct nightly drills in first aid, no Squad member is guilty of lax actions. A list of 300 tricky questions must be perfectly answered in a written exam. And to maintain their proud record of an "ambulance at any home within their area in five minutes after a call is received," the men can operate in total darkness.

When the disaster alarm clangs, four members take their places in the Squad car, while two-man teams scurry for the ambulances. A lieutenant and a sergeant form an ambulance maintenance team; in serious cases, two members man the rear of an ambulance. The drivers are specially coached and thoroughly drilled. A senior officer gives the orders en route to the scene of an accident or disaster, and when the ambulance gets there the men are completely organized.

A car may be dangling precariously over a bridge. Bravely but never recklessly, the lifesavers inch their way to the trapped victims. If gasoline is an added hazard, they abandon acetylene torches and work with crowbars. Danger lurks at every jab of the crowbar, but the Squad never abandons the victims.

Stamina is a must for members of the Squad. Called to the bedside of an elderly man stricken with a heart attack, the first-aiders worked for four hours under a doctor's supervision until they revived him. Grateful for their work, the man added \$150 to the Squad fund.

Three weeks later, he was prostrated again. The men again went to the rescue. Net results—a live man and more money for the fund.

But gratitude is not always the reward of the hard-working lifesavers. Would-be suicides, when saved by fast application of oxygen equipment, are often sullen and indignant. One man who had been pronounced dead was revived with oxygen, and the lifesavers maintained a vigil at his side until his recovery was certain.

Kept busy within the Bethesda-Chevy Chase area, the members nevertheless play angels of mercy to persons as far as 50 miles from home base. One evening, a drowning man dragged from the river by a swimmer was left on the beach while the rescuer hurried to phone for help. His eye met a sticker which Squad members paste on every phone within reach. He called Wisconsin 1000 and hurried back to the dying man on the beach. With sirens screaming, the Bethesda Squad rushed to the scene and saved another life.

The log of the Squad reveals a wide variety of actions. A desperate spinal-meningitis case was rushed to Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore. A psychotic case, who smashed train windows, was taken in tow by burly Squad members, strait-jacketed and hauled to Hartford, Connecticut. Scores of potential mothers are hurried to hospitals, and often they have their babies in the plush ambulances. Results are usually contributions to the fund and another Squad member in the



person of a proud young father.

So that the Squad can put teeth into its program, a virtual traveling hospital is necessary. A local laundry does all of the Squad's dry-cleaning of blankets, free of charge. A local hospital, sans ambulance, exchanges ambulance service for free washing of linens. Starting with a two-way radio, the Squad car and two ambulances are now equipped with modern tools to save life—all purchased through go-getting efforts of members.

Chief Dunnington beams as he points to his equipment, ranging from asbestos suits to an iron lung. As soon as a piece of equipment is outmoded by a new discovery, a door-to-door fund-raising campaign begins. Today, with the Squad paying more than \$800 in annual insurance fees, it can take its place

beside any big-city emergency unit.

Reorganized in September, 1945, the Squad line-up of college boys, cab drivers, salesmen, executives, carpenters and engineers is built around husky Dunnington. Since all members work in the Bethesda-Chevy Chase area, they have arranged with employers to leave their jobs when the siren sounds. The night shift sleeps at Squad headquarters.

What the Bethesda lifesavers have accomplished can be duplicated in other communities throughout the country. Chief Dunnington insists that "our Rescue Squad can be imitated anywhere. All that is needed is a group of zealous men, eager to give time and effort to saving lives, plus some hard work and an intense interest in a new and worthwhile kind of hobby."



### The Last Word

**A**HARD-UP SPORTSMAN bought a horse but neglected to pay its former owner. Later he met the man who sold him the horse.

"I'm not at all satisfied with that animal," the hunter said.

"Why, what's the trouble?" asked the dealer.

"Well, he won't hold his head up."

"Oh, that's all right," replied the dealer. "That's his pride. Just you wait until he's paid for."

**N**OW," BEGAN THE ARCHITECT, "if you'll give me a general idea of the kind of house you need—"

"I want something," replied the husband, "to go with a door-knocker my wife brought home from Java."

—*Empire Digest*

**K**ATHERINE, WOULD you tell the class what happens when a body is immersed in water?" asked the science teacher.

"Certainly. The telephone rings."

—MRS. CHARLES MINOR

## Are You a Matchmaker?

Sharpen your wits and your pencils and match these people to their children, their last names and the treasures they sought. Count



three points for each correct answer: The highest score is 90 — and perfection! Fifty or below is only fair. Answers on page 148.



**KNOW THESE CHILDREN?** Each of the "children" in the left column below was fathered by a man whose name appears in the column on the right. Can you match them?

1. Four Freedoms	(a) Samuel Adams
2. Baseball	(b) Thomas A. Edison
3. Dynamite	(c) Charles Burton
4. American Revolution	(d) Alfred Bernhard Nobel
5. Basketball	(e) Elias Howe
6. Baby carriage	(f) Sigmund Freud
7. Doctrine of psychoanalysis	(g) Franklin D. Roosevelt
8. Sewing machine	(h) Abner Doubleday
9. Motion pictures	(i) Dr. James Naismith
10. The neutron	(j) Sir James Chadwick



**KNOW THESE BROTHERS AND SISTERS?** Below are the first names of brothers and sisters in famous families. Can you link each group to the correct last name?

1. Tom, Dick and Harry	(a) Soong
2. Joe, Dom and Vince	(b) Roosevelt
3. Marie, Emilie, Annette, Yvonne, Cécile	(c) Baer
4. Henry II, Benson and William	(d) James
5. Ai-ling, Ching-ling and Mei-ling	(e) DiMaggio
6. Wilbur and Orville	(f) Dean
7. Max and Buddy	(g) Picard
8. James, Elliott, John and Franklin, Jr.	(h) Ford
9. Auguste and Jean Felix	(i) Wright
10. Jesse and Frank	(j) Dionne

**KNOW THESE SEEKERS?** These treasures—found in mythology, history, literature, fairy tales and contemporary life—were sought by what persons whose names appear below?

1. An honest man	(a) Miles Standish
2. Evangeline	(b) Little Bo Peep
3. The Golden Fleece	(c) John White
4. The Holy Grail	(d) Diogenes
5. One-World Unity	(e) Ponce de Leon
6. Priscilla's hand	(f) Jean Nicolet
7. The Fountain of Youth	(g) Sir Galahad
8. Northwest Passage	(h) Wendell Willkie
9. A flock of sheep	(i) Gabriel
10. The Lost Colony	(j) Jason

# MY HUSBAND HAD AN "OFFICE WIFE"

ANONYMOUS



Here is one woman's frank story of how she dealt with a common domestic problem

"I'M JEALOUS of my husband's secretary," a friend confided in me recently. "He's not in love with her, I know. But she shares more of his life than I do—and I don't know what to do about it."

My friend's story is a familiar one. In thousands of homes, many wives face the daily problem of "the other woman." Not, however, the glamorous, contriving female but the well-meaning, conscientious secretary who, deprived of a home and husband of her own, transfers her affections, energies and allegiance to her employer.

My friend's story was one with which I could especially sympathize. For the first three years of my married life, my husband, too, had an "office wife."

I began my own marriage vowing that I would not be one of those wives who were eternally phoning their husbands about the idiosyncrasies of the plumbing and the family car, or dropping in to see them every time they went downtown to shop. I had my home; and I had my friends and interests outside it. While certainly I didn't expect Tom to consult me on matters

pertaining to his law office, I took it for granted that he would come to me with his personal problems and worries.

It took me only a short time, however, to discover that there was a third person who had a prior claim to a large part of my husband's life — his secretary, Ellen. Frequently, Tom commented on her efficiency, her knowledge of law and the shrewdness of her advice. Although I was glad that Tom had such a competent secretary, it was reassuring to know that he had married me—not her.

I thought little about Ellen until the night, a year after our marriage, that Tom came home with a new suit. "I intended to bring swatches so you could help me choose," he said, opening the box. "But I've been so busy that I had to make my selection in a hurry—or, rather, Ellen made it for me."

He put on the coat and preened himself. "She told me every rising young lawyer needs a double-breasted dark suit."

I forced a smile. "She has excellent taste," I said. And although I knew it was absurd, every time

Tom wore that suit I couldn't help remembering that it had been Ellen's choice—not mine.

Not long after the suit incident, Tom and I dropped into his office one night after the theater. I was surprised to see new carpets, new furniture, new curtains. I was not surprised, however, when Tom said blandly: "Ellen did it. Shopped like a beaver, after hours and on Saturdays. That girl can do anything!"

Once again, I did not blame Tom. Before our marriage he had depended on his secretary to help him with personal matters and it still seemed natural for him to do so. But I did blame Ellen. It seemed to me that it would have been both wise and kind for a secretary to turn over such extracurricular activities to her employer's wife.

Perhaps I should have explained to Tom the way I felt but, remembering my vow not to interfere in his affairs, I let it pass. I also hid my annoyance when Tom, instead of phoning me as he always had done, would frequently ask Ellen to call and give a message; or when we took a week-end trip to the lakes and stayed at an inn that Ellen had found satisfactory.

Then, for my birthday, Tom gave me a lovely negligee with matching mules. My pleasure was considerably dissipated, however, when the first-of-the-month bills arrived. Ellen's name was signed to the charge slip for my birthday gift.

Now I began to wonder whether she did not wield more influence than was healthy for my marriage; whether she was not, perhaps, more attractive than I had imagined her to be. So I decided to find out what sort of person she really was.

I dropped in at Tom's office one noon when I was sure he would be in court and invited Ellen to have lunch with me. To my surprise, she neither looked nor acted as I had expected. She was attractive in a quiet way: her suit was neatly tailored; her fair hair was brushed back from an intelligent and sensitive face.

During lunch she talked frankly, telling me how much she appreciated the extra responsibilities that Tom had given her. I not only found myself liking her, but I would have been completely reassured if it had not been for the way her face seemed to light up when Tom's name was mentioned.

What disturbed me most was that she was obviously unaware she had become so important to Tom—and that by doing so she had encroached on duties I felt were rightfully mine.

After Ellen had returned to the office, I tried to analyze the situation. Ellen was not only a charming and intelligent person, but she had a shrewd mind. And because survival in business is difficult for a woman, she had used every means to secure economic security. That was the case for the secretary. Now, what about the case for the wife?

I was younger, and it was not conceit to say that I was prettier. I could cook, sew, manage a household. I made many of my own clothes, enjoyed reading, and was active in local theatricals. And while I did have the advantage of being Tom's wife—an advantage I most definitely intended to keep—I had to admit that the situation

that existed was partly my own fault.

I had expected Tom to come to me with his confidences and problems, yet I had done nothing to merit them. I was not only completely ignorant of anything pertaining to the law, but I was not even an intelligent listener.

Tom was interested in politics; I thought politics dull. Tom enjoyed golf; I was a dub at the game. Although I had had many opportunities to strengthen our marriage, I had not taken them . . .

Within the next few months, I began to ask Tom questions about the office and cases he had tried. Then I joined a group composed of lawyers' wives, which pleased him. Finally, I started taking golf lessons—and that worked best of all. As my game improved, Tom frequently came home early from the office so we could get in nine holes before dark.

For a time, Ellen seemed to recede into the background. Then our golf games came to an end—and for a reason that delighted us both. I found out that I was to have a baby. This, I thought, would solve all our problems. Certainly, I was too happy to worry about a mere secretary.

After Tommy was born, we started building a new home and I was busier than ever. And perhaps I would have forgotten Ellen entirely had it not been for her possessive attitude toward our youngster. When Tom occasionally told her that the baby had a cold or some small upset, she would phone to ask me how he was. And several times she volunteered to stay with the child on rare evenings when Tom and I went out together.

By the time the baby was a year old, we had moved into our new home—but Tommy and I were usually the only ones in it. Tom's work had increased tremendously. Always he left early for the office, and more and more he would stay downtown for dinner and to work late.

His apologies did not make matters any better. "It would be worse," he said one night, "if it weren't for Ellen. Now that she's taking night law classes, she knows almost as much as I do."

Once when I asked Tom what he would do if she were to get married, he scoffed. "Not that girl!" he said. "She's wedded to her work. Besides, she never looks at a man."

But I was not reassured. And so, soon after that conversation, I tried a piece of strategy. When a bachelor friend of Tom's and mine was in town for the week end, I asked him to dinner—and included Ellen. Tom seemed pleased at the idea, but the evening was not a success.

Although Ellen made a studious effort to join in our friend's conversation, it was Tom who held her attention. When he groped for a word, she quickly supplied it. They mentioned names and incidents that meant nothing at all to me.

Later in the evening, our friend followed me to the kitchen to help fix sandwiches. He grinned and jerked his head toward the living room. "What's the idea of inviting a girl for me when she's already in love with your husband?"

"She's a nice person," I said,



more firmly than I felt. "She doesn't mean anything."

"Of course she doesn't," he replied, suddenly serious. "That's just the trouble. The woods are full of nice girls who haven't had the breaks—who've made the office their home, and their boss a substitute for a husband. I'm fond of you and Tom, and because I don't want to see either of you hurt, I'm sticking my nose into something that's none of my business."

The conversation was never finished, but I had heard all that I cared to hear. What was so obvious to a casual observer was also, undoubtedly, obvious to other people—to Tom's business associates, his clients and his friends.

The evening dragged on and at last our guests departed. Miserably, I began to straighten up the living room when Tom, who had gone to the kitchen, called out: "A nice evening, wasn't it, Ellen?"

I did not answer; I just stood there numbly waiting for the sheepish apology that I was sure would follow. But when Tom appeared in the doorway—his face bland and innocent—the dull realization came over me that he was not even aware he had called me by his secretary's name!

It was then that all my bottled-up hurt and jealousy spilled over. I told Tom that unless he made it clear to Ellen that she was employed only as a secretary and not as an "office wife," I would take matters into my own hands. But he merely looked bewildered.

"You're tired," he said. "We'll talk about it in the morning."

In the morning, however, he did not mention my outburst—nor did

I. A week later, I asked Ellen to meet me for lunch.

After ten years, I have no very clear recollection of what I said. I did not accuse her of being in love with Tom, nor did I put the whole blame for the situation on her shoulders. I did point out, however, that although I had failed in some of my responsibilities she had been more than eager to compensate for them.

First bewildered, as Tom had been, then hurt and angry, it was not surprising that she should try to justify herself. And the job she did was a good one. But as I plodded on, with the persuasiveness born of the knowledge that my marriage depended on it, she began to waver. I could see she realized that I was telling the truth.

I started to suggest that she make new friends and forget the office when the day's work was done. But Ellen, the poised, self-assured secretary, was no longer listening. In her place sat a tired, pinched woman of middle age. When I picked up the check and left the restaurant, I felt no triumph.

Even now, years later, I sometimes wonder how I summoned the courage to tell Tom what I had done—and more important, why I had done it. For Tom was not only angry but deeply hurt because he felt I had not trusted him.

Although there were tears, bitter arguments and the usual senseless recriminations, it is a testimonial to the understanding and genuine affection between us that Tom and I finally faced our problem like two intelligent adults.

I assumed my share of the blame, and Tom his. Even Ellen, in her

own way, accepted her share. Next morning her resignation was lying on Tom's desk, and shortly afterward she left the city. (My own personal feeling of guilt was lightened when I heard, several years later, that she had married and had a home of her own.)

**T**OM HAS SINCE HAD half a dozen secretaries. Some were fresh-faced youngsters just out of business college; some had a year or two of experience behind them. Like many girls who take secretarial training, they worked long enough to buy the clothes they coveted or to use their jobs as a means of meeting young men and a steppingstone to marriage.

Then there are the others. In offices all over the country you will find them. Undoubtedly, they would prefer home and marriage—or marriage plus a career—to a

career alone. But when a normal life is denied them, their offices and jobs become the compensating factors in their lives.

Although they do not realize the extent of their influence, it is nonetheless real. Their signatures on a check are good; their suggestions and advice frequently tip the balance on business and personal matters, large and small.

Unfortunately, my friend who confided in me the other day will have to learn the hard way, as I did, that her husband's secretary has achieved a unique position as a result of her own negligence, indifference or ignorance. She must delve deep within herself to find the answer to her own problem. Otherwise, she will discover from experience that the office wife is not just a familiar tool of the fictioneer or the Hollywood script writer, but a live and dangerous reality.



### The Radio Influence

**A** HISTORY PROFESSOR ended one of his classes with the following statement: "Will Aaron Burr succeed in wresting the West from the United States? Will the American people sanction the Louisiana Purchase? Come to class Thursday and find out."

—*Plainsman*

• • •

**W**E HEAR THAT on a recent man-and-wife breakfast show, the husband, leading into a commercial, said to his child, "What did you have for breakfast, son?"

There was complete silence. The father repeated, "What did you have for breakfast, son?" Another complete silence.

Again, the father asked, "What did you have for breakfast, son?" The boy finally squealed, "Daddy, you're hurting my arm!"

—*Collection of Famous Fluffs in Radio by KERMIT SCHAFER*

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# The American Farmer



EVEN IN A MODERN WORLD geared to the gigantic strides of science, the traditional American farm remains the wellspring of our way of life. Without its enormous productivity, none of us could survive. From the fruit orchards of the Pacific Coast to the grainfields of the Midwest and the truck gardens of New England, every cultivated acre helps to sustain America as the richest, best-fed nation in the world. And the man who continues to make all this possible is a hard-working, unassuming man in overalls who, with the help of his family, has found security and contentment in tilling the land that is his heritage.



The farmer lives by nature's calendar. When the earth stirs in the spring and brushes winter's snow aside, his year begins—another cycle of planting, plowing and harvesting.



The earth is still moist with winter's thaw when the team is hitched to the plow. This ritual of breaking the ground has changed little since man first scratched with a stick to bury a seed.



Today's farmer is the overseer of an ever-expanding domain. With the machine as his newest ally in the battle against hunger, he continually adds new acres to America's rich farm lands.



Farming is a race against the swift turn of the seasons and there can be no idle hands. Without a woman's hand to care for the home and do the household chores, the race could never be won.



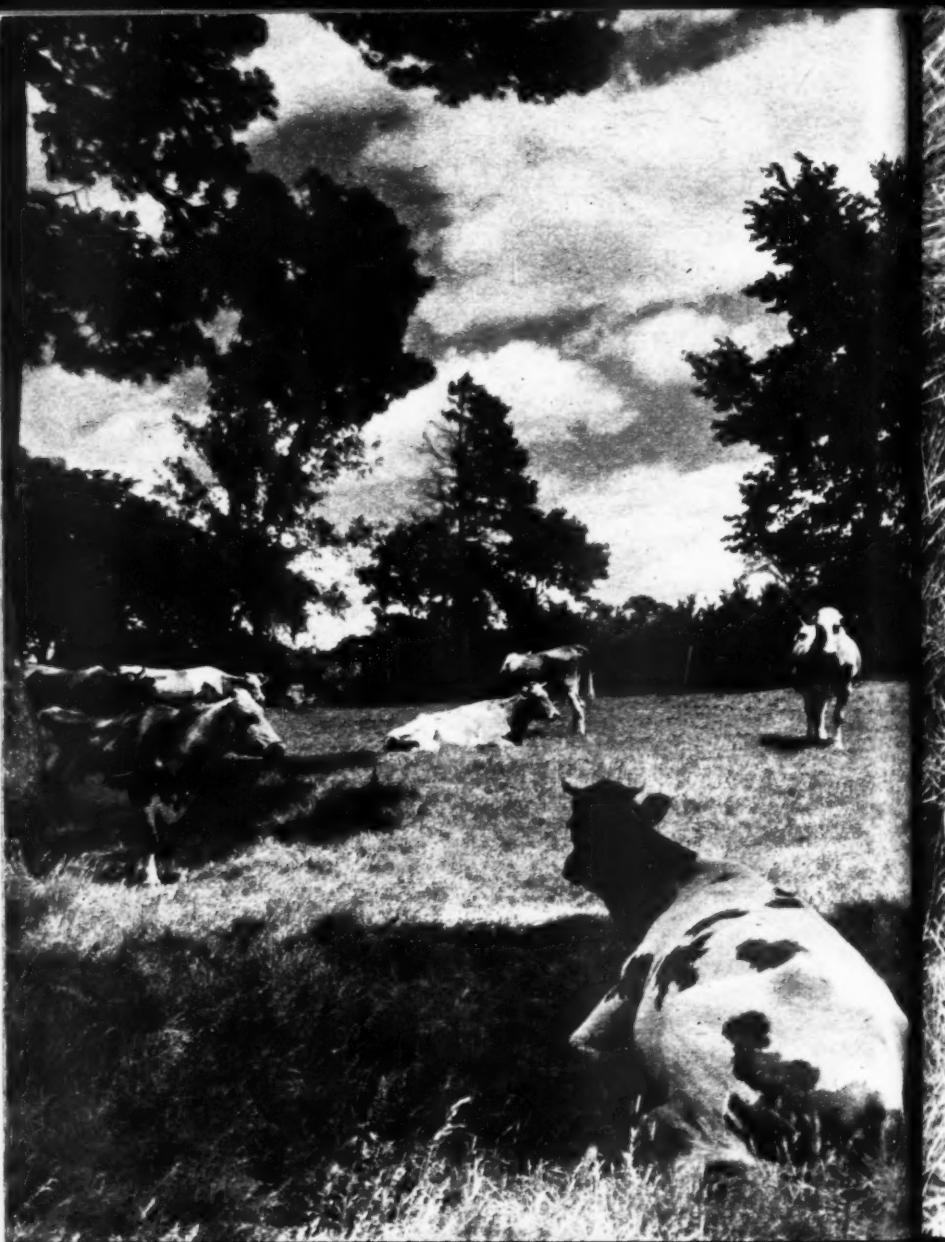
From the time they are big enough to swing a milk pail, the children help too. On the farm, the family is a unit, working together, sending roots ever deeper into land that is passed from father to son.



Spring is the time of birth. Each year the miracle is renewed. In the far corner of a quiet pasture, a mare gently nudges her foal, encouraging him to rise on thin, unsteady legs.



For the farmer, spring is a reaffirmation of his partnership with nature. The calves and lambs, the chicks and ducklings—even the squealing piglet—are his assurance of a prosperous tomorrow.



When the summer sun warms the fields, and cattle seek the broadest shade trees, the crops are in the ground. Now, busy cultivating and harrowing, the farmer prays for good growing weather.



In the momentary lull, the children find time for fun and adventure. But these are days of apprehension for the farmer: a drought, a twister, a hailstorm can reduce his rich fields to rubble.



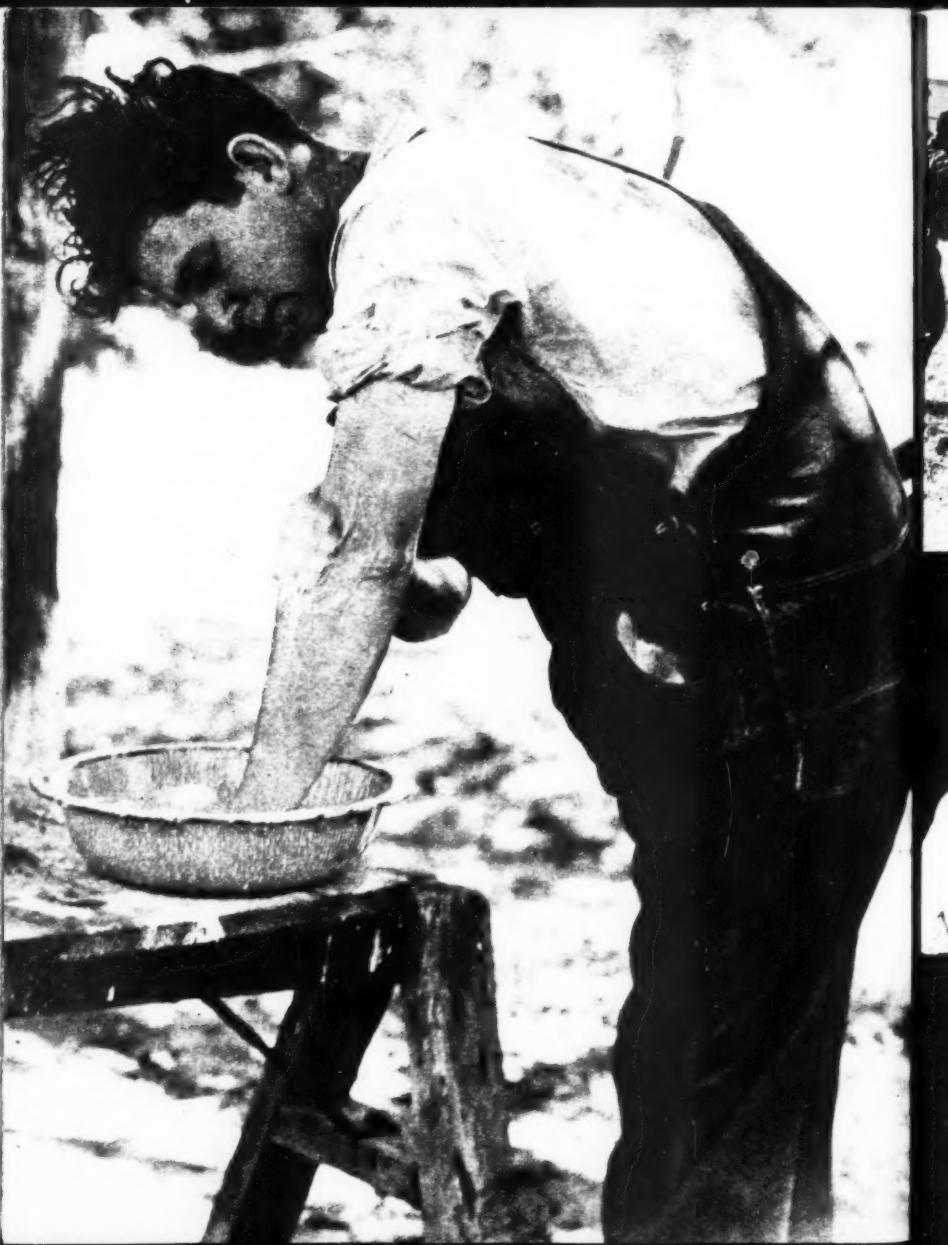
Then, when autumn comes and crops stand ripe against the sky, all hands turn to for the harvest. This is the dramatic fulfillment of months of never-ending care and eternal hope.



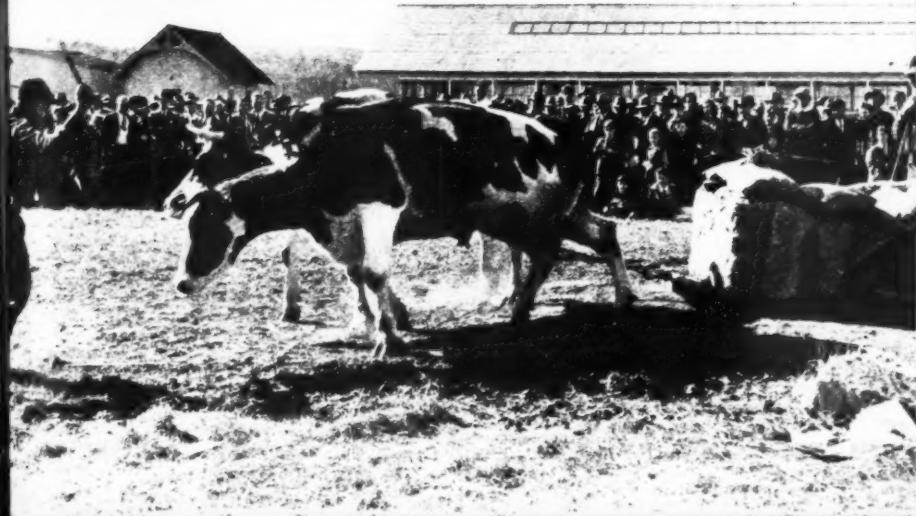
From dawn until the sky begins to darken, the thresher pours out a golden river of grain. Dry chaff fills the air, mouths are parched, muscles throb, but gradually the fields yield their bounty . . .



... corn, wheat, potatoes, beets—an ever-growing mountain of food. This year, our 6,500,000 farm families will feed 146,000,000 Americans—and replenish the larders of the world.



And then the harvest is over—the crops are in. Across the stripped fields, a strange quiet hangs in the air, and, as the sun slips toward the West, the farmer relaxes with the satisfaction of a job well done.



Now there is time for celebration, and across the nation thousands throng the county fairgrounds. Livestock is critically inspected, ox-pulling contests are enthusiastically cheered,



These happy days in late autumn are a round of square dancing and hay rides for farm folk and their friends. The one who finds the red ear of corn at the husking bee is still entitled to a kiss.



As winter nears, there is much to be thankful for in the farm homes of America. Around the dinner table, talk turns to the mail-order catalogue. Now those long-desired purchases can be made.



The benefits, however, have not come easily. Farming is a year-round job; even when snow falls there are chores to be done—butchering, caring for livestock, readying machinery for next spring.



There is community work, too: When blizzards clog the highways and traffic is blocked, or a new school needs building, then the farmer works with his neighbors in the pioneer spirit of his forebears.



In the eternal cycle of the land, the farmer meets nature both as friend and foe. But his rewards are rich: independence, and the certainty that another spring is always beyond the horizon.



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he

# *Magicians of the Courtroom*



by CHARLES DEBEDTS

DEFENSE COUNSEL picked up a piece of cake and held it out to the jury. "The prosecution alleges that this cake was poisoned by my client and that her husband died as a result. I shall let you judge for yourselves, gentlemen."

Then, as spectators gasped, he calmly proceeded to eat the evidence. As he was swallowing the last morsel, a messenger burst into the courtroom with news that the defense counsel's mother was very ill and that he must call home immediately. With the court's permission, the lawyer hurried outside to a phone.

In a few minutes he returned and continued his address to the jurors, who uneasily awaited his collapse. When he showed no ill effects, the

The ingenious tricks of clever attorneys have won acquittal for many a defendant

jury considered this proof that the cake had not been poisoned, and freed the defendant. They were not aware, of course, that a stomach pump had been awaiting the wily lawyer in the lavatory, when he received the fake message about his mother.

Although this was an unusually audacious maneuver, there is almost no limit to the tactics which have been employed to win cases in America's courtrooms. Lawyers stir sympathy for clients by hiring a bogus wife or mother, or perhaps a few children carefully trained to weep upon cue. Sometimes the defendant is dressed shabbily to soften the jury's heart.

California's legendary Earl Rogers once found it more bene-

ficial to dress his client, accused of stealing a ring worth \$3, in expensive garb, bedecking the culprit with a watch, stickpin and rings. The jury could not believe that such an apparently wealthy man was guilty of petty crime, and found him not guilty.

Rogers and a companion left the courtroom with the defendant, their arms about his shoulders. As soon as they were out of sight they removed the fine raiment and jewelry, which Rogers' companion carried back to his pawnshop. As Rogers said later: "I couldn't let that crook out of sight for a minute or he would have run off with his borrowed finery."

Once, Rogers agreed to defend a man accused of stealing a horse. When the trial opened, the defendant was dressed in ragged overalls and held a peculiar hat which he twirled in his fingers. As the case proceeded, Rogers was very courteous to the plaintiff, a farmer named Schultz. He chatted pleasantly with the witness about crops and farm life, and when Schultz was sufficiently distracted, Rogers said: "I understand, sir, that you can identify the man who stole your horse."

Confidently the witness pointed to the man with the peculiar hat. "That's the feller, right over there," he asserted.

"You're sure?" Rogers asked.

When Schultz insisted that he could not be mistaken, the attorney thanked him and turned away.

"I should like to call the court's attention to the fact that the man who has been identified as the thief is not my client but a well-known member of the bar. He is merely

sitting in my client's seat, while the latter is in the next room."

The prosecutor objected strenuously that Rogers had tricked the farmer by substituting another man, dressed exactly like the defendant, while the lawyer diverted Schultz's attention. Rogers admitted the fact, but shrugged.

"If the witness has identified one of my legal assistants as the thief, then he cannot claim to recognize my client." The jury freed the prisoner, and Rogers added another victory to his imposing list.

**N**EW YORK'S FAMED William Howe was a master of strategy, as evidenced once by his tactics while he was defending a woman who had killed her lover. Howe wanted to gain sympathy for his client, who sat weeping, her head in hands. He timed his move for late evening, when the courtroom was shadowy and everybody was tired after a long day.

Standing behind the defendant, Howe asked the jury to look at her face and decide whether such a woeful creature could have murdered the man she loved. As he spoke he pulled her hands away from her face and, unnoticed by the jurors, dug his long fingernails into her wrists.

The surprised woman screamed. Each juror felt shivers run down his spine, and all of them were on the side of the defendant when the verdict was rendered.

The great Clarence Darrow knew how to win over jurors in a rural court. He would remove his coat, snap his galluses, appear confused when he used a long word, and act generally like a bewildered farm

boy. Such simple sincerity rarely failed to make the jury regard him as one of them.

A top-ranking New York lawyer, Max Steuer, was quick to take advantage of his fine memory. Once he defended the owners of a factory which had burned, killing many workers. The owners were charged with responsibility for the tragedy, since an exit had been locked in disregard of fire laws.

Chief prosecution witness was one of the girls who had survived. When she gave her testimony, Steuer thought that it sounded too pat. While cross-examining, he asked her to repeat the story, and she readily complied.

Later, Steuer again asked her to tell what had happened, and the witness dutifully did so. Then he said politely: "Didn't you leave out a word near the end?"

The unimaginative witness shook her head and repeated her testimony once more, to show that no word had been omitted. Then Steuer turned to the jury. "Gentlemen, can you believe that the witness could repeat her story four times without varying even a word

of it if she hadn't been coached?"

The jury, convinced that the testimony had been taught to the girl, acquitted Steuer's clients.

In Iowa, a railroad was being sued for heavy damages after an accident which, according to the complaint, had made the plaintiff hopelessly neurasthenic. As evidence, the latter let his attorney prick the top of his head with a pin, as conclusive proof that there was no feeling. The defense lawyer, who happened to be bald, clucked sympathetically and strolled towards the jury.

"This is a great blow," he said, "for if it is true, I too am a hopeless victim of neurasthenia."

To illustrate, he took a packet of needles from his pocket and casually stuck them into the top of his head, until he resembled a human pin-cushion. The smiling jury noted that this caused no pain or apparent harm, and wasted little time in throwing out the case.

They did not know, of course, that the defense lawyer had had cocaine injected into his scalp only a few minutes before the needle demonstration.

## Public Notice

A new line added to the door of the New York firm of Nathan, Nathan, and Nathan: "The United Nathans."

Sign outside a Montreal finance office: "Are you at Debt's Door? Our Finance Company Will See You Through." —*NEW YORK STAR*

Notice on a Miami restaurant's menu: "Price subject to change between courses." —*Parade*

# Angel Healer of the Backwoods

by ALICE ROBINSON



Over sharp hills and rocky roads, Aunt Lide brought her remedies and wisdom to the isolated farmers of the Adirondacks

THEY TELL ME THAT Aunt Lide was approaching middle age when she officiated at my "bornin'." It was the end of a tough December. Already there was a fine tunnel from our back door to the barn, high enough for a tall man to walk upright. In a fresh blizzard that all but buried the little house and in a temperature of 30 below, Aunt Lide battled through to us on snowshoes.

For this emergency, she had a variety of brewed herbs, a bottle

of old blackberry brandy, and her good hands. In her pocket was an acorn or a baked potato to ward off "rheumatiz." This was her life.

A vast energy drove her over the roads and up the sharp hills on her errands of mercy. Birth, death, accident and disease formed the pivot around which her life turned in that 12-square-mile settlement of farmers in the "backwoods."

"Pshaw, 'tain't nothin' but being curious," she told me once. "I'm an old woman as has to have her nose in every pie."

Few of those farmers have faces for me any more. I see their slumped, indifferent bodies, riding wagons up out of the Gulf Road, but the faces turned to me are featureless. Not so Aunt Lide, who administered to them. She has two faces: the one I saw with a child's eyes, and the one I understood after I had been away and looked at the world's faces.

The first was puckish, like that of a good witch: merry, with sharp blue eyes and a wry mouth. It went perfectly with her flying, wheat-colored hair and wispy body. I used to watch her going away from our house after my mother was well again—but only as far as the bridge. The little hill began right there and I would turn away, perfectly sure that she seized a broomstick from her voluminous skirts and skimmed

away over the ridge, headed for the moon!

"Aunt Lide" was not my aunt except in that lovely sense of being everybody's aunt. She was nurse, friend, doctor. And though a doctor lived in the village, there were no phones; to obtain his services, a farmer must drive miles over narrow rocky roads.

Aunt Lide knew measles—she could "smell 'em." My mother's tuberculosis she called "burnin' spells." But she knew what would help. Food, milk, rest in bed, and fresh air have not been proven wrong with time.

When she arrived periodically to look after my mother, the whole house must first be aired, scrubbed and polished. Windows would be open in all weather, rugs and blankets blowing in the wind and sun. The harsh, aseptic scent of "soft soap" was in every corner. With all in order, she beamed in satisfaction.

"Nearest any of us gits to Heaven," she would say.

The children would be challenged with fairy-tale slyness to small tasks. "Guess maybe the well's gone dry. You young 'uns better go see . . . and take a pail along in case it ain't . . . Is there a leak in that old rain barrel? Not a speck of decent, soft water in this here stove tank. Too bad . . . Did want to scrub up the floor."

Aunt Lide's orders always appealed to our imagination. If the wood box happened to be empty, she was sure it must be "lonesome, holdin' nuthin' but chips." And when we filled it with wood, we easily imagined it to be "happy again, seein' it's some use, after all."

Aunt Lide made other journeys to the widely separated farms among those hills where the bouldered, grass-grown road wound higher and higher to the Adirondacks. In those isolated homes, children would be roused at night to fetch Aunt Lide. They would go trembling with fear, down some black and lonely path, carrying a lantern with feeble light. Arrived, the rubbery small legs grew firm again, for there would be company on the way back—a woman of character.

"Why, no bogie *could* live in these parts," she would say, flying along so nimbly that you had to run to keep abreast. "This land can't even raise dust."

"Still," she would add, "these farmers got no *git* up and *git*. Folks is born to make things better'n what they find 'em."

And swinging the old carpetbag, bulging with a variety of things, she would chide and deride those whom she so fully served. The long bedraggled skirts would blow out behind as she tossed words into the wind and philosophy into the heart of a child.

**A**UNT LIDE'S MOST-EFFICACIOUS mediceine, of course, was the confidence she inspired. With her "mustard plaster" she could set up a counterirritant, and maybe a man forgot the pain of rheumatism in the smarting of the mustard. With her flaxseed poultice, she could give heat and soothing comfort. All-night sponging allayed fever. But when Aunt Lide organized the household, said "scat" to onlookers, or got flustered mothers very busy boiling water, the cure

was more than half-accomplished.

For anything "on the chest," asthma to pneumonia, Aunt Lide had turpentine and lard, a smelly concoction which she rubbed into the neck and chest. Over it she placed flannels, heated on the wood stove. Over all went as many bed-covers, feather ticks and buffalo robes as could be found. If you lived, you had "sweated it out."

I remember the earaches of childhood when Aunt Lide worked over me the whole night, and the bliss when, comforted by the hot soap-stone, I fell asleep. I remember how she cured Mrs. Kibbe's boils with black-alder bark. "Purifies the blood," she said. And it did!

Also I remember tragedies for which she had no skill: the blood running unchecked from an axe-blow, the sawmill "hand" with a splinter through his lung, the thresher caught by the whirling belt of his machine.

To Aunt Lide I owe the inspiration to "git up and git." I did "git up and git" to school, college and life. So I was long gone from the "backwoods" when Aunt Lide made her

last journey to someone who needed her. My father told me the story:

Looking across a gully to the next hill, we could follow the weedy, neglected road leading to Aunt Lide's weather-beaten house and sagging barn. At dawn, my father saw her lantern swinging up the rise toward home. Maybe she had been "bornin'," or perhaps "a body had been took with fever."

It came to him suddenly how very old and tired she must be. And he felt a subtle shadow of anxiety for Aunt Lide, who had been so good to us, as he stood watching the slow light going home.

And that morning Aunt Lide did go home. I like to fancy, with deep love and respect, that her merry spirit, on a magnificent golden broomstick, "cleared out in a hurry" on some vital mission. For she herself was not there in the little fallen heap of outmoded petticoat and shawl beside the stove.

The pungency of one of her remedies was steaming off into the air of the clean kitchen. Too late had Aunt Lide thought of healing herbs for her own tired heart.

**These**



**Women!**

**M**ARCIA EVANSON, of the WCCO radio station's publicity department in Minneapolis, unable to sleep one night, reached for a sleeping tablet in the dark, swallowed it, and promptly fell asleep.

Next morning she discovered no sleeping tablets missing. She had, however, swallowed a rhinestone earring.

—Variety

**W**HEN A CUSTOMER ordered a 75-cent dinner and left without paying, Mrs. Nonie R. Anders, 61-year-old Omaha restaurant proprietress, grabbed her gun, followed the man to his car, rapped him soundly on the head, dragged him back inside the café and called police.

—HAROLD HELPER



# A Man's a Man, For All That



Girls, are you looking for a man? Men, do you know your possibilities? A man is not always what he seems, as you will discover in this list of twenty potentials. See if you can pick the professions these "men" pursue from the three suggestions following each name. It's nice work if you can get it. Answers on page 148.

1. Chapman a. cowboy b. peddler c. male chaperon
2. Trencherman a. heavy eater b. soldier c. ditchdigger
3. Henchman a. butcher b. politician c. servant
4. Dragoman a. interpreter b. cavalryman c. highwayman
5. Bellman a. musician b. sheepherder c. town crier
6. Swagman a. dandy b. fence c. singer
7. Husbandman a. householder b. farmer c. miser
8. Schoolman a. janitor b. fisherman c. philosopher
9. Classman a. honor student b. one of a caste c. naval officer
10. Liveryman a. butler b. stablekeeper c. bilious person
11. Minuteman a. patriot b. dwarf c. clock watcher
12. Yeggman a. lazy fellow b. bowler c. burglar
13. Fugleman a. trumpeter b. trained soldier c. handy man
14. Shaman a. impostor b. money-changer c. medicine man
15. Selectman a. town official b. judge c. ticket agent
16. Journeyman a. tourist b. trained worker c. ticket agent
17. Layman a. one of the people b. mason c. aide
18. Talesman a. storyteller b. juryman c. charm
19. Yeoman a. rower b. yell leader c. petty officer
20. Endman a. engineer b. football player c. minstrel



To young and old in a little village in the Allegheny Mountains, Lee Atkyns has brought a fresh appreciation of the arts

THE FARMER's battered truck pulled off the country road, selected a spot among the dozen other vehicles clustered around the little white church and parked between a shiny convertible and a fenderless jalopy. The weather-aged driver in blue jeans picked up a handful of artist's paintbrushes, some tubes of color, and a canvas containing a half-finished landscape. Then he stepped from the truck and opened the church door.

The strains of Beethoven's *Ninth Symphony* cascaded out into the crisp autumn evening as the farmer entered a fluorescent-lighted room filled with easels and paintings,

# The Painter of PUZZLETOWN

by JOSEPH WILLARD BLAIR

shelves of books, smart modern furniture—and people.

Some of the group were working at their easels; others, gathered about the phonograph, were checking the original score of Beethoven's 1824 masterpiece against the latest recorded version; a slender youth was leafing through magazines which covered a huge table.

A big-boned man, whose begrimed hands had been digging coal in a Pennsylvania pit only an hour before, glanced from his easel and called softly: "Say, Lee! Something's wrong with this cloud. Take a look at it, will you?"

Lee Atkyns—looking like a Hollywood version of a college football hero—turned from a discussion of Robin Hood with a brace of youngsters and patiently explained how to repair a damaged cloud with a touch of paint. This was no scheduled meeting of an organized club, but a typical daily occurrence in Puzzletown, Pennsylvania—a village nestled in the heart of the Allegheny Mountains, about ten miles from Altoona.

Three years ago, Atkyns, a young artist just out of his twenties, left his home in Washington, D. C., for a week-end vacation. Since he

had no particular goal in mind, he simply started driving west.

For a man with a modest background (his father before his retirement was a member of the Washington Fire Department), Atkyns reflected that he was quite lucky to occupy his present position. He was already established as an artist of promise; he was an officer in several Eastern art associations; his one-man shows in galleries about the nation had received favorable notice; his Washington art classes were flourishing.

Yet Atkyns was not happy. Back in his mind, there was an obligation he knew he must fulfill. During his early struggles, he vowed he would some day do all he could to make it easier for people like himself to understand and enjoy great music, art and literature.

As he drove west through central Pennsylvania, Lee suddenly realized that he had somehow turned down a narrow country road. Puzzled, he looked for markers. At a fork he found one. Pointing towards a distant mountain peak, it read: "Puzzletown—5 miles."

By the time he reached the little village, it was late and Atkyns asked for lodgings at a farmhouse. Next morning, a storm broke over the town. From his room, Atkyns gazed out at the rain-soaked community. Somewhere on a hillside, he spied a steeple. For eight rainy days he stared at this steeple.

On the ninth day, the young painter made his way to the church and found it abandoned. For a long time Lee stood before the structure. When he finally turned away, the storm had ended. Glancing up at Blue Knob—one of the

highest peaks in the state—he saw that the sky was clear and the sun was shining. Two years later, his painting of that scene brought him first prize at the annual Arts Club show in Washington.

By the time Atkyns returned to the farmhouse, he had made a decision. "I knew then that I belonged here," he says. "I knew, too, that here I could begin to pay off that promise to myself."

The board of governors of the United Brethren Church was taken aback when the 200-pound stranger asked to buy their former house of worship. But after he had told them of his plans, it was Atkyns who found himself speechless. The price of \$200 was nothing more than a token payment, for the lumber alone was worth \$1,000.

One of the villagers explains it this way: "We could see the vision Lee painted for us. And we liked what we saw, not in Lee's dream alone but in the man himself."

**A**T FIRST, ATKYNs spent his working week in Washington, conducting classes. Week ends found him in Puzzletown in the role of ditchdigger, carpenter and bricklayer. Soon the abandoned chapel began to take on a new look.

By late summer of 1946, one Sunday brought as many as 150 visitors to Puzzletown, and Atkyns—who had several paintings standing among the piles of building material—found that he was devoting practically all his time to explaining art to the throngs. Soon he rearranged his schedule so that he spent two weeks in Washington and two weeks in Puzzletown, but this was not the complete solution. Fi-

nally, he gave up his studio in Washington and—to the amazement of his contemporaries—moved to Puzzletown for good.

By autumn of 1947, the Puzzletown Studio had become a Mecca for week-end visitors. If a stranger passing through had need of rest, Atkins offered him one of the four comfortable bunks. In the morning, there was always a hot breakfast from the glistening kitchen.

So that folks who never would walk into a 57th Street gallery could browse to their hearts' content, Atkins arranged to bring in exhibitions of contemporary art. When he found that neighboring families had no recourse to free public libraries, he gathered volumes from friends. He augmented his record collection by purchasing albums. Then he invited everyone

to come and look or read or listen.

Because so many visitors have begged Atkins to give art instruction, he is conducting classes again. But instead of catering only to socialite Washingtonians, he is instructing farmers, railroad workers, miners, laborers, teachers, bankers, doctors—anyone who asks. To those who look askance at such unchurchlike activities in a one-time house of worship, Lee's friends have a sympathetic answer:

"We knew Lee's spiritual side when we sold him the church," they say. "He believes there is a lot more to religion than just prayer. He feels that it is also neighborliness and mutual help, music and laughter, the love of beauty—whether it is in a painting or in a child's eyes reflecting the glow of candles on a birthday cake."

## Answers to Coronet Quick Quizzes

### *Are You a Matchmaker?*

(Quiz on page 117)

Know These Children? 1.—g; 2.—h; 3.—d; 4.—a; 5.—i; 6.—c; 7.—f; 8.—e; 9.—b; 10.—j.

Know These Brothers and Sisters? 1.—f; 2.—e; 3.—j; 4.—h; 5.—a; 6.—i; 7.—c; 8.—b; 9.—g; 10.—d.

Know These Seekers? 1.—d; 2.—i; 3.—j; 4.—g; 5.—h; 6.—a; 7.—e; 8.—f; 9.—b; 10.—c.

### *A Man's a Man, For All That*

(Quiz on page 145)

1.—b; 2.—a; 3.—c; 4.—a; 5.—c; 6.—b; 7.—b; 8.—c; 9.—a; 10.—b; 11.—a; 12.—c; 13.—b; 14.—c; 15.—a; 16.—b; 17.—a; 18.—b; 19.—c; 20.—c.



## *The Brotherhood of Faith*

This amazing real-life story symbolizes the ideal that inspired Brotherhood Week

by MARGARET LEE RUNBECK

THE HOUSE ACROSS the street goes up for auction next Sunday. All this week strangers have streamed in and out of it, carrying away household treasures. Mr. Isaac Stern, who is breaking up his home because he has just lost his wife, has sold most of the furniture, and now the house is nearly empty.

I went over to see if there was anything we could use, as much for a keepsake of our friend Mr. Stern as for any other reason.

"Is everything in the house to be sold?" I asked.

"Everything," the sad-faced old Jew nodded soberly. "Everything except one thing."

"One thing?"

He might not have told me what

it was, but his eye instinctively lifted to the mantel above the fireplace, where a lonely ornament remained — a silver candle piece, with symbols inscribed on it, and eight small candle sockets in a row across the bottom.

"That is beautiful," I said. "Is it for sale?"

"Not at any price," he replied. "It's a Hanukkah Menorah. You do not know what that is? . . . Well, at the end of the year, we Jews celebrate Hanukkah for eight days. The first day we light one candle, the next day two, and so on till all eight candles are burning."

"This candelabra has been in your family a long time?"

"No. It was given to me 18 years ago by a Catholic priest."

I stayed until he finally told me

the story of the candle piece. Before Mr. Stern became old and weary, he had been a prosperous big-city builder. He had hundreds of workmen on his pay roll, yet it was his boast that never did he have a strike on his hands.

Though it was impossible for him to know personally all the men who worked for him, certain ones did stand out—like the young Italian, Antonio Gusone. This Gusone was conspicuous because he loved his family above all things, and was always trying to do something to express that love. Once he asked Mr. Stern for permission to carry home some scraps of lumber.

"What's it for, Tony?"

"I want to build a doll's house for my little girl."

Another time Gusone came to the office and asked his employer for overtime work.

"Your family needs extra money?" Mr. Stern asked.

"My little girl," said Tony. "I want to give her music lessons."

"Isn't she a little young for music lessons?"

"Next year," explained Tony. "I gotta save now for a piano."

Then something tragic happened. Everybody on the job looked sick from talking about it. Mr. Stern sensed it, and asked the foreman what was the matter.

"No trouble on the job," the foreman said.

"All right—but there's trouble somewhere," Mr. Stern insisted.

"Just forget it, Mr. Stern," advised the foreman. "It's none of our business."

But everything that concerned his men was definitely Mr. Stern's business, and he told the foreman so.

"Well, okay then," the foreman said. "One of those hotheaded Eye-talians killed a guy. His name is Tony Gusone."

Mr. Stern said quickly that this couldn't be. Not Tony. "There's some mistake."

"No mistake. He killed the guy, all right. He don't say he didn't."

Mr. Stern went back to his desk and sat down to think. He knew that people were always telling him he shouldn't concern himself with his men—except to make sure that they did their work properly. Yet he had never been able to agree with that viewpoint. According to his philosophy of life, such an attitude toward your fellow man just didn't make sense.

After he had sat at his desk for an hour, he got up and put on his hat. Then he slipped away from the office and went to the suburb where the Gusone family lived.

He knew it was Antonio's house before he saw the number, for it had the fingerprint of tragedy on the door. A spray of white satin and white carnations was fastened to the shabby wood and all the shades were down. When he tapped softly on the door, a tear-stained woman appeared.

"I am Antonio's boss," said Mr. Stern. "I have come to help."

She took him back to the kitchen where Tony's wife was surrounded by a ring of weeping women. When they saw Mr. Stern, they slipped out and left the two alone.

"You're in trouble, my child," Mr. Stern said.

"I've lost my little girl, and now I've lost my husband," Mrs. Gusone said dully. Then, a few words



at a time, she told him about the double tragedy.

The child had been playing at the edge of the sidewalk when a car came speeding around the corner. Suddenly the machine had gone out of control, leaped the curb and killed the child instantly.

Tony had seen the tragedy from a window. When he found that the driver was too intoxicated to know what he had done, he went momentarily insane. He rushed into the kitchen, seized a knife and murdered the man before anyone could stop him.

Mr. Stern said a few stumbling words in an attempt to comfort the stunned woman, then went back to his lawyer to arrange help for the Gusones.

"Isaac, you've got to learn not to tear yourself to pieces with other people's troubles," the lawyer pleaded with him. "This is a tragic thing, but nobody can do anything to help Gusone now. The law will have to take its course, for the man is a murderer.

"Yet there will certainly be leniency for him. He will stand trial, and they will convict him of murder, and the judge will give him as light a sentence as possible, under the circumstances. Now you go back to work and forget it . . ."

THE CASE WASN'T an "important" one, as murders go. There was little about the brief trial in the newspapers. Gusone pleaded guilty, and the judge pronounced the death penalty for first-degree murder.

Mr. Stern didn't happen to see the terse newspaper items, and people refrained from telling him. Then, on the very morning of the

Friday when Antonio was to be executed, one of Gusone's old friends came up to the Big Boss on a construction job.

"Sad day for us, Mr. Stern," the Italian boy said. "I guess we all thought you'd try to do something."

"Do something?"

"About Tony."

"When is his trial coming up?"

Mr. Stern asked, feeling guilty because he did not know.

"Coming up? The trial's over, Mr. Stern, and Tony's going to the chair at midnight. Poor little guy . . . I guess nobody cared much, on account of him not being very important or anything."

"What do you mean—not being very important or anything?" Mr. Stern asked sharply. "Everybody on earth is important."

"Maybe so," said the Italian boy bitterly. "But not to the people who could do something for them when they get into real trouble."

Mr. Stern told me that he bowed his head, because he knew he had been guilty of letting his own preoccupation with work come before another person's great tragedy. When he went back to his office, he was shaking all over. He sat down and tried desperately to think, but it seemed much too late to do anything. Then he said to himself: "As long as there's one man in the world with mercy in his heart, it is never too late."

Within an hour, without telling anyone where he was going, he was on the train for the state capital. He had no idea what he was going to say to the Governor; he wasn't even sure that the Governor would see him. He only knew that he had



to do something and do it quickly, if a man's life was not to end in a few hours, to pay for an act committed in a moment of grief-crazed bitterness.

He has never remembered clearly how he managed to get in to see the Governor. He felt helpless and unimportant, but his sincerity must have opened the door. The thing which stands out clearly now is the memory of that good, homely Governor looking at him kindly.

"Now just sit down and take it easy, sir," said the Governor. "You tell me what's on your mind, and I'll see if . . ."

"I'm Isaac Stern . . . and I've come for your help. My brother is being executed tonight. . . ."

The Governor glanced at a paper on his desk. "There's no Stern being executed tonight," he said. "The man's name is Gusone. You have a brother named Gusone?"

"Yes, Governor, I have."

"How's that? . . . You're a Jew and he's an Italian."

"He's your brother, too," Mr. Stern said quietly. "I am a Jew and this boy is a Catholic and you are a Protestant—but, Your Honor, we are three brothers together."

Then he told what he knew about the boy and the murder, and when he had finished his story the Governor picked up the phone and ordered a stay of execution for 30 days. Then the Governor gave Isaac Stern a card to take to a group of humanitarian people who would appeal for a new trial.

"So there was another trial," Mr. Stern told me, "and Antonio was found guilty of second-degree

murder and sentenced to six years' imprisonment instead of death."

"But where does the Hanukkah candelabra come in?" I reminded him. I was still puzzled.

"Oh, yes." His wrinkled old face broke into a smile as he told me the rest of the story . . .

Four years after Antonio went to prison, a Catholic priest called at Mr. Stern's office. He was a tall man with a dark strong face.

"Mr. Stern, I have come to invite you to my church," he said.

"That is very kind of you, Father," Mr. Stern replied, "but I have my own temple."

"I appreciate that," the priest said, "but I have brought you a special invitation to come to my church this morning."

"This morning?"

"Now. If you can spare the time from your business."

"Of course," Mr. Stern replied. "When could a respectful man not spare time from his business for a house of worship?"

The priest nodded and they went out of the building together. When the car started, Mr. Stern looked about him in surprise, for in front were two motorcycle policemen. They escorted the car through traffic and drew up before a small and humble church.

"It won't take long," the priest assured him. "Just your lunch hour, Mr. Stern."

At the door of the church Mr. Stern was met by a happy-faced Italian and led to a seat. As they passed the parish room, he saw decorations of colored streamers and tables of festive food.

The congregation itself was made

BROTHERHOOD  
WEEK

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up of family groups, mothers and fathers and children. The priest knelt at the altar, then turned to speak to the upturned faces.

"We have come here today to give our thanks to God first. Then to one of God's good children, Mr. Isaac Stern, for helping to bring back our friend, Antonio Gusone."

Then the priest went on to tell his story, and to say that this happy meeting was to celebrate a homecoming. Mr. Stern, looking around, saw Antonio Gusone, his face beaming with emotion, and beside him his wife, weeping with gratitude.

Mr. Stern's own face was twisted with feeling as he finished the story. Antonio had been a model prisoner, and at the end of four years they had freed him on parole.

Mr. Stern's eyes lifted again to the silver Hanukkah Menorah on the fireplace mantel.

"The priest picked up this Hanukkah Menorah from where it was hidden on the Catholic altar and gave it to me. 'Mr. Isaac Stern is a Jew,' he said. 'But he worships his God so well that he knows that on this earth there is One Father and many brothers.' "

### Footnote on Victoria



ONE NIGHT SOME YEARS ago, a crack express train was racing through the fog-shrouded English countryside toward London with Britain's beloved Queen Victoria aboard. Suddenly the engineer saw a black figure looming ahead, waving his arms frantically. He applied the brakes, and the train screeched to a halt.

When the trainmen got out to investigate, the signaler had disappeared into the mists, so a conductor walked up ahead to see for himself what danger there might be. Sure enough, some 200 yards ahead, he found a railway bridge had collapsed into a swollen stream. Death had been waiting for Queen Victoria and every other person on that train.

During the long hours while repairs were being made, the train crew conducted a thorough search for the unknown person whose

quick warning had saved so many lives, for Queen Victoria wished to give him her personal thanks. But still there was no sign of him, so the train proceeded to London, the mystery still unsolved.

Then, during his routine check-up at the end of the journey, the engineer made a strange discovery. When he examined the locomotive's headlight he realized how the signal had been given. There, on the lamp, lay a huge, dead moth, its wings outstretched. Because, in the split second before the train reached that destroyed bridge, the moth had flown into the beam of the headlight, and because in the dense fog its fluttering wings had resembled a man's waving arms, disaster had been averted.

Today, this moth which saved Queen Victoria's life is a prize exhibit in a British museum.

—E. E. EDGAR

## Silent Salesmen that Never Sleep



by HUBERT A. KENNY

**T**HE versatile vending machine has come of age; today it dispenses just about everything, from hamburgers to Nylons

**W**ANT A HOT DOG, hamburger or grilled-cheese sandwich? There's a machine that cooks it electronically before your eyes, and delivers it hot and fresh 19 seconds after you have put your money in the slot.

Every day, the list of vending machines that have captured the public's fancy grows longer and longer. In addition to the familiar devices that sell cigarettes, candy, soft drinks, nuts and gum, machines are now on the market to sell cookies, cigars, aspirin, silk or Nylon stockings (your choice of two colors and five sizes), popcorn, hot coffee with cream, sugar, either, both, or neither. And of course there's one to snap your picture and another to record your voice.

The strangest battery of vending machines sells a whole menu of foods for yaks, bison, giraffes and other animals at the Bronx Zoo. Put a nickel in the slot and the animals get the kind of food the zookeepers approve of.

Perhaps you need a pencil, a pocket-size book, a handkerchief or hot soup. No? . . . Well what about a bottle of milk, a bar of ice cream or a cupful complete with wooden spoon? . . . Want to mail a letter? You can get stamps from a machine, and the new ones include air-mails. But if you still have to write that letter, you can deposit a coin in a typewriter which will measure out a specified number of linear inches for a dime.

But that's not all, for there are machines to sell razor blades, newspapers, magazines, or rent you a radio or television set for a period of time measured by meter. There

are coin-operated laundry machines and coin machines selling railroad tickets, air-line insurance policies, ice by the 25- or 50-pound chunk, and even cordwood for your campfire. In brief, the designers of vending machines are ready to tackle almost anything you want, short of tucking you in bed at night.

Today, the business sells more than half a billion dollars' worth of merchandise a year. Include the service machines—those that give you no product to take home but shine shoes, wash clothes, weigh you or, like automatic lockers, protect your belongings—and the total take exceeds a billion.

Though it may look like an easy way to make a living when you see the moneybags that servicemen slide out of the cigarette machine in your favorite bistro or bowling alley, it's not dollar bills that comprise the bulk but nickels, dimes and maybe quarters. Net profit rarely runs much more than a penny per pack. That's one reason why lots of new operators in this business fail to make the grade: about one-half fold up within the first two years.

In the face of the get-rich-quick hue and cry, manufacturers of coin machines are careful to emphasize that their devices will succeed only where other types of selling are not profitable or practical. Hence, don't expect to buy your next dress or suit with a trunkful of quarters. Chances are, however, that you may someday be buying frozen fruits or canned soups from machines operating around the clock.

The beginnings of this mushrooming enterprise were rough and tough. Like many another in-

dustry that has gone through a period of juvenile delinquency, it is still struggling to live down its youthful reputation when every device with an opening for a penny, nickel or dime was called a "slot machine," including the notorious "one-armed bandits" that are still rigged to take the unwary sucker. But today, the legitimate vending business has long since been divorced from the makers and owners of gambling devices.

Machine selling of penny candies and gum had been successful for years before a minor official of a Los Angeles police court put together an automatic coin-operated cigarette device in 1926. Whether this was the first such machine is open to question, but the man who invented it, William H. Rowe, was wealthy when he died in 1945. He owed his fortune largely to dapper, dark and active Robert Z. Greene, who today is president of the Rowe Corporation.

Son of German- and Russian-born parents, Greene, at the age of 12, made up to \$50 a week by selling eggs from a rickety wagon drawn by a blind horse. Leaving high school after two years, he got a job selling time clocks, and before reaching 21 he was making \$15,000 a year. In Chicago he opened a chain of candy shops, went broke, then traded in California and Florida real estate. When the Florida land boom collapsed in 1926, he headed back for the West Coast.

A year later, a cigarette machine in a Los Angeles apartment lobby roused his curiosity and led him to its inventor. With a nation-wide sales contract in his pocket, signed by Rowe, and a sample machine in

his car, Greene began a fabulous sales campaign that was to spread vending devices from coast to coast.

Greene's tour ended in Manhattan in 1928. He had sold 2,500 machines and had sent \$187,500 back to Rowe in Los Angeles. In the next 20 years, the Rowe Corporation of New York manufactured 165,000 machines; and today, in addition to manufacturing, the company operates thousands of vendors which sell 100,000,000 packs of cigarettes a year. Yet Rowe is only one of many vending companies that are rapidly expanding operations.

In 1946, new dignity was added to the industry when the first stock of a big operating company was listed on the New York Stock Exchange: Automatic Canteen Company of America. When Canteen was an inexperienced infant, it almost gave up the struggle in mid-summer because Old Sol spoiled candies in hundreds of machines. Soon the company was being boycotted by irate buyers. Today, American Canteen Company is one of the oldest, largest and best known in the business, and it has done a great deal to improve the standards of performance.

Constant vigilance and hot-weather-resistant candy bars are the answer to the summer problem, but an even better answer is on the way—the refrigerated and air-conditioned candy vendor. Product of the United States Vending Corporation, the device, illuminated by a circular flasher light, sells more than 500 candy bars with one loading, compared to the usual 74 to

160, and the customer is given his choice of seven well-known brands.

In addition to selling machines, the corporation has a procurement division from which agencies may obtain the candies, cigarettes, frozen foods, soft drinks and other merchandise to be vended.

Enthusiasm for automatic merchandising is growing among established, old-line companies. Researchers for a major food company have spent many months in a survey of vending machines. For their trial balloon, they have tentatively narrowed their interest to a fruit-juice dispenser with which they may enter the field.

Though designers of coin machines say that practically anything is possible, the big questions are: "What does the public want?" and "How far shall we go?" Manufacturers could build a device that would keep precooked dinners in a deep-freeze and, at the drop of a coin, heat and serve in a matter of seconds. The obvious place for this machine would be the ground floor of a huge apartment house. But are there enough buildings that would permit installations to make the gamble a good risk? And would the tenants buy in quantity if machines were available?

Sheet-steel shortages have hampered manufacture of vending machines since the war, but in the last normal year, 1941, the output of all types was some 190,000. A fair estimate of the number in operation today is 3,500,000 penny machines and 2,430,000 which sell higher-priced items. In the latter category, a new device—the automatic coin



changer—promises to step up the sales volume for each machine.

A triumph of engineering magic, the changer can be built into a vending machine or set up alongside a battery of "silent salesmen." If, for example, it is built into a machine that charges 11, 12, 13 or 14 cents for a particular item, the purchaser may drop the exact change, or deposit 15, 20 or 25 cents in any combination of coins, push the button, and out of one chute comes his package while out of another comes the exact change.

In view of the millions of vending machines now in operation, it is fair to ask: "Where will the operators put more of them?" Hopeful locations are apartment houses and hotels. With coin washing machines already in full swing, some manufacturers look forward to the day when canned, refrigerated and deep-freeze items will be available in every large apartment building. Recently, dairies and bakeries have been investigating the possibilities of such spots, planning to eliminate the thousands of door-to-door deliveries they now make every day.

There is controversy over the extent to which vending machines compete with retail stores. This is the factor which sets the pack of

orthodox retailers in full cry. To state and city legislators they say:

"Tax these machines. The operators own no real estate, pay no realty taxes on their many places of business. No restaurant, bar, theater or station pays more taxes after it has been equipped with vending machines than before. Hence the operator is not assuming his share of community costs."

The vendors answer that they pay income taxes, as well as state and city sales and property taxes. They ask to be taxed the same as other retailers—that is, on the basis of volume of goods sold. But a flat levy on each machine is unfair, they assert. Virginia had such a tax until the law was revised last January. Up to then, an operator paid a tax on each machine except those used in industrial plants. With this new law, operators see a victory: it recognizes their status as retail merchants by not subjecting them to special taxation.

But no matter which way the tax jumps, automatic vending is obviously here to stay. For 24 hours a day, 365 days a year, it will continue to sell brand-name goods that the public knows, wants and will buy—without benefit of chatter on the part of salesman, cook or waiter.

## Gold Is Where You Find It



THE NEATEST SMUGGLING trick on record is that of a known gold smuggler who succeeded time after time in passing unscathed across the Swiss-French border although Customs officials knew he was pass-

ing gold in large quantities.

An informer finally gave him away when he revealed to Customs men that the fenders of the smuggler's car were made of solid gold, painted over. —*Leader Magazine*

# Tony, the Gangbuster

by WILLIAM F. McDERMOTT

In a duel with four bandits, he upheld the highest traditions of the force to become Chicago's "Police Hero of 1947"

**T**HREE WAS A LULL at Chicago Motorcycle Police Headquarters early on the evening of November 18, 1947. The roar of motorcycles had died down after the night shift left for roving duty.

Sitting behind the desk was blond, 200-pound, six-foot Anthony "Tony" Comiskey. Between routine phone calls he daydreamed about the colorful career that had been his. Still on the sunny side of 40, he had crowded the excitement of a dozen lifetimes into one.

Across his memory passed his kid days in the prairie town of Wilburton, Oklahoma, when he had hung around the sheriff and followed him on calls by bicycle—when he had cried in the Wild West movie as bandits shot down the town marshal—when he had read dime novels and exulted as law and order prevailed.

Tony recalled how, at 14, he had left home and hit for Chicago, secretly nursing a dream. "I'm going to be a motorcycle cop," he kept repeating to himself as his train sped toward the Windy City. There he had worked as a baker's helper, as a machinist and welder,



nursing nickels to buy a second-hand motorcycle.

Back to mind came his success in bluffing his way into the Chicago Police Department at 20, when he was supposed to be 25—of walking a beat in a tough tenement district—of doing patrol-wagon duty—of buying the shiniest motorcycle he could find and riding to motorcycle headquarters to ask for an assignment.

The lieutenant had glanced at his machine and said, "You'll do."

Then there was that night five years ago, when an auto loaded with four hoodlums roared by him. At 70 miles an hour, he pulled alongside their car, flashing his light. The answer was a bullet. Careening wildly around a corner, the machine crashed into a post and the bandits piled out, shooting as they came.

It was four against one. When the fight was over, two of the bandits were shot, the policeman wounded. All four hoodlums were rounded up and sent to prison . . .

Yes, a motorcycle cop—he had always wanted to be that. But now he had been assigned to desk duty

—and quiet. Too quiet, it seemed.

Then, suddenly the door burst open and in raced two youths. "A holdup!" they gasped. "In Tom's restaurant."

Only a sergeant was in headquarters room. "I'm going!" yelled Tony. Then he grabbed his gun and raced out, clad in civilian clothes.

Holding his gun behind his back, he entered the lunchroom. In front of the jukebox a hard-faced youth was pirouetting, seemingly enjoying the dance but actually serving as a lookout. Behind the counter another hoodlum was sneaking away from the cash register.

"Police officer!" snapped Comiskey. "What are you doing here?"

Suddenly there was a flash of metal. The cash-register thief was drawing his gun. Whirling his revolver Western style, Comiskey started firing. The first bullet hit the robber in the head, the second in the chest. He died on the spot.

Meanwhile, the "dancing thief" had taken shelter in a phone booth and opened fire. It was an unequal duel, one man under cover, the other in the open. Tony fired three times but missed. The bandit leaped for the door, then tripped and fell. From the floor, the gangster aimed his pistol at Tony. Before he could pull the trigger, Comiskey wrested the gun away.

"Don't shoot!" whined the bandit. "Please don't shoot!"

With one bullet left, Comiskey could have killed him. But he let the man live, then turned to the body of the dead thief. Suddenly the thug behind him rose up and reached for his throat. At the same moment, Bandit No. 3 came running from the kitchen. He slugged

Tony with his pistol, then backed away, shouting to his confederate: "Duck, Blue. I'll kill him!"

The policeman looked squarely into a gun muzzle. Lowering his head, he shook off his rear attacker and plunged headlong at the third desperado. The latter fired but the bullet went wild. "Blue" jumped into the battle.

It was a rolling, tumbling, smashing fight. Neon clock and signs, tables and dishes were smashed. Desperately clinging to his own gun, Tony managed to grab the revolver of his third attacker and send it crashing to the floor.

Now the front door swung open and Bandit No. 4 raced in. He, too, slugged Comiskey. It was one against three—the officer with his gun, two of the others disarmed but slashing fiercely.

Tony's wounds were bleeding profusely but, keeping his head clear, the cop decided to "drag the fight out into the open"—out into the street, where help perhaps would come. Putting all his strength into action, he fought and dragged his way through the door and onto the sidewalk, the bandits clinging to him like barnacles.

Now they went after his head, trying to fell him with blows. Suddenly one of the thugs yelled, "Let's duck, boys!"—and away they raced into the night.

Wiping the blood from his eyes, Comiskey staggered back into the restaurant. There lay the dead bandit, three guns that Tony had wrested away from the gang, broken tables and dishes, lights and fixtures all sprinkled with blood.

Tony made his way to the kitchen and released 18 victims of

the holdup—patrons who had been herded into the back room to be robbed. Then, when finally he knew police help was on the way, Tony thought of his own wounds and set out on foot for a hospital three blocks away.

Someone spotted him en route and took him for a bandit. An emergency call was flashed to the police, and when Tony arrived at the hospital a squad was waiting, machine gun ready. When he identified himself, his fellow officers gave him a resounding cheer, and escorted him into the emergency room. There, eight stitches were taken in his lacerated scalp.

Next day, all Chicago tendered

an ovation, proclaiming him the "Police Hero of 1947." Two newspapers gave him their monthly awards for bravery, totaling \$200. Police Commissioner John Prendergast wrote out his personal check for \$100, saying, "Chicago is proud of you." Mayor Martin Kennelly singled him out for acclaim and offered him any job he wanted in the Police Department.

Tony turned the offer over in his mind. There might be more money, there might be more ease and safety. But quickly he made his decision.

"Thank you for everything, Mr. Mayor," he smilingly told Kennelly, "but I think I'll just remain a motorcycle cop."

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# O ur human comedy

Laughter is the echo of the lighter moments in the drama of life. So here, gathered for your enjoyment, are a few amusing trifles from the everyday world

**A** MERCHANT TOOK OUT a fire-insurance policy, and the same day his store burned to the ground. The insurance company suspected fraud, but couldn't prove anything. It had to content itself with writing the following letter:

"Dear Sir: You took out an insurance policy at 10 A.M. and your fire did not break out until 3:30 P.M. Will you kindly explain the delay?"

—*McCall's*

**W**HEN THE NEW MINISTER came to the little church, the congregation was naturally interested in learning something about his former life. They were told that he had once worked in some business establishment, but he seemed loath to talk about it. When their new shepherd discouraged all inquiries about his earlier occupation, they were obliged to hope for a reveal-

ing gesture from the finger of fate.

Fate was not long in accommodating them. The other Sunday, near the end of his sermon, the new clergyman made this moving appeal.

"The Kingdom of Heaven awaits you today! This is your golden opportunity; it may never come to you again. Remember, this may be your last chance! Friends, what am I bid?"

—*Wall Street Journal*



**W**HILE ORDERING HIS luncheon, an American tourist in Paris was using some of his high-school French. "Garcon," he said, studying the menu, "je desire consolement royal, et un piece of pang et burr—no, hang it—une piece of burr—"

"I'm sorry, sir," said the tactful waiter, "I don't speak French."

"Well, then," snapped the tourist, "for heaven's sake, send me someone who can."

—*Capper's Weekly*



**T**HE GOOD COUNTRY DOCTOR came home all worn out and prepared for a good night's sleep. No sooner had he retired than the phone beside his bed buzzed shrilly.

He nudged his wife: "Listen, Ma, see who it is; say you expect me soon, or anything you think of."

The wife answered the phone. "Doctor is not at home," she said.

"Well, this is Mrs. Jones," rattled a voice in the receiver, "I got a pain and I want to see him as soon as he comes in."

The old doctor whispered some instructions to his wife, which she repeated to the would-be patient. "Do that, and I'm sure you'll soon

feel all right," the wife concluded.

"Thanks very much," said the lady on the phone crisply, "but before I take your advice, tell me something. Is that gentleman who seems to be with you qualified to advise me?"

—*Wall Street Journal*



**I**N NEED OF GAS, the tourist had stopped at a little crossroads filling station tended by a boy who was lying in the shade. The boy made no effort to get up as the car stopped. After tooting his horn several times, the tourist shouted: "Here, boy, get a move on you! I want gas! Get some push about you! Don't you know push is what gets people somewhere in life?"

"That's right, mister," replied the boy without moving, "push is going to get you somewhere, too, cause we ain't got a drop of gas on the place."

—W. E. GOLDEN



**T**HIS WAS NO ABSENT-MINDED professor. He was simply preoccupied when his wife rushed in with the newspaper.

"Have you seen this?" she cried excitedly. "There's a report here of your death!"

"Is that so?" returned the professor without looking up. "We must remember to send flowers."

—DIANE SUMMERS



**Y**OUR HONOR," said the lawyer, "I submit that my client did not break into the house at all. He found the parlor window open,

inserted his right arm and removed a few trifling articles. Now, my client's arm is not himself, and I fail to see how you can punish him for an offense committed by only one of his limbs."

"Your argument," answered the judge, "is very well put. Following it logically, I sentence the prisoner's arm to one year's imprisonment. He can accompany it or not, just as he chooses."

Whereupon the defendant calmly removed his artificial arm and walked out.

—*Capper's Weekly*



**O**NE OF THOSE superintelligent college seniors entered the dean's office, coughed to attract the dean's attention, and said:

"Sir, I am gratified to announce that your daughter has accepted my proposal of marriage. However, since marriage is such an important step, I wish to proceed with caution. Ah, er, may I ask, sir, is there any insanity in your family?"

The dean regarded the young man a moment in grave silence, then replied quietly: "Yes, yes, I'm sure there *must* be."

—*Twaddle*



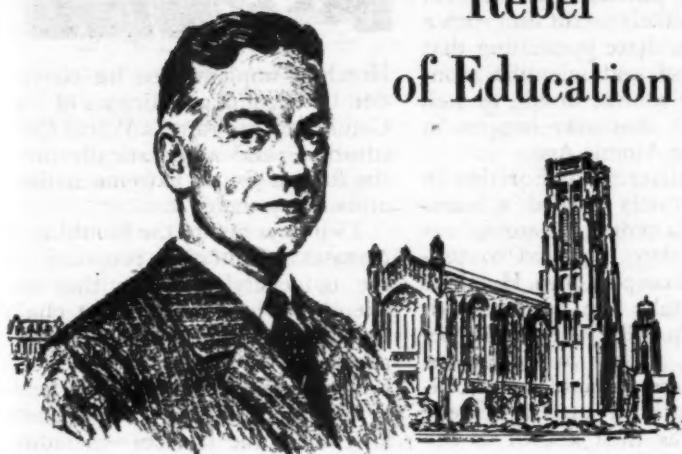
**A** FRIEND OF MINE heard a fascinating conversation by two teenage girls sitting on the front porch of the adjoining house. One of them began outlining the details of her big date the evening before.

"He kept trying to kiss me," she said breathlessly, "and I kept saying 'Stop!'—which he did. So after a while I caught on, and I quit saying it."

—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*

# DR. HUTCHINS

## Rebel of Education



**His unorthodox views on higher learning have stirred up many a storm of controversy**

**by DON EDDY**

**D**R. ROBERT MAYNARD HUTCHINS, Chancellor of the University of Chicago and easily the most-controversial figure in American higher education, thinks he became an educator almost against his will.

His friends, however, believe his luck directed him into the only field in which he could have been eminently successful. They contend that his abhorrence of precedent, disinterest in politics, intolerance for stupidity, and almost priestlike concern for humanity and individualism would have ruled him out of any more-commercial occupation.

Tall, lean, handsome, urbane, Hutchins has the easy suavity of an international diplomat — perhaps too much suavity for his own

good. He is apt to appear most lighthearted when he is seething inwardly. This characteristic, plus a certain puckishness, makes him widely misunderstood. Yet behind the debonair façade are a precisely logical mind, an extraordinary executive ability, a homey earthiness and an indomitable courage.

Elderly women meeting him for the first time gasp, "My, he's so young!" Actually, he was 50 last January 17, often remarks pensively that he feels scarcely a day over 98, has labored all his adult life to teach people to think for themselves, and for 20 memorable years has been president or chancellor of one of the world's foremost universities.

People who don't know him well think he is aloof. His enemies say he is an impractical extremist. His

friends worship him as a sort of great soul. He himself says he is no scholar, particularly in mathematics and the physical sciences. Yet history will likely credit him with a considerable share in creating that mathematical and scientific monstrosity, the atomic bomb, as well as for much that may happen in our dawning Atomic Age.

When military authorities in 1940 desperately needed a scientific-research center for atomic experiments, they appealed to universities and corporations. Hutchins agreed to take the gamble and, with the help of the Army and other universities, many world-famous scientists were assembled in Chicago to work in utmost secrecy on what was then known as the Metallurgical Project.

On December 2, 1942, these scientists achieved the first controlled, self-sustaining nuclear chain reaction, proving that the bomb was practical and blasting open the mystic maze of the atomic future. Subsequently the University managed the great Clinton Laboratory at Oak Ridge, and now, under contract with the Atomic Energy Commission, manages its key research center, the Argonne National Laboratory.

Within a week after the bombing of Hiroshima, Chancellor Hutchins was setting in motion two forces designed to harness atomic knowledge for peacetime blessings.

Dubbing the bomb "the good news of damnation" because it should frighten human beings to seek salvation in voluntary unity, he prophesied that the peoples of the earth faced the choice of world suicide or world organization. Then



Hutchins implemented his conviction by becoming chairman of The Committee to Frame a World Constitution—and automatically drew the furious fire of extreme nationalists everywhere.

Two days before the bombing of Nagasaki, Hutchins proposed to the university's trustees that the scientists who achieved the chain reaction should be kept together in peacetime to maintain American pre-eminence in the atomic field. While the proposal then seemed farfetched, the trustees—including many hardheaded leaders of Midwestern enterprise—agreed.

Out of this has grown the University of Chicago's extraordinary \$12,000,000 program of basic nuclear and metals research in three institutes—the Institute for Nuclear Studies, the Institute of Metals, and the Institute of Radiobiology and Biophysics.

If world peace can be achieved, Hutchins believes atomic science will be a dominating factor in eliminating cancer and many other ailments; that it will create new and better metals, revolutionize industrial processes, improve existing products and develop new ones, increase agricultural productivity, and so simplify the affairs of men that physical labor will be virtually unnecessary.

Hutchins' atomic pioneering is typical of the inquisitive mind which spurs him to try anything he believes holds promise of construc-

tive results. He has a bland, imper-  
turbable disregard for tradition  
merely because it is hallowed by  
age. He doesn't hesitate to discard  
traditional procedures if they con-  
flict with what he deems to be  
common sense—as witness his spec-  
tacular revision of the ancient  
system of higher education.

From time immemorial, students  
who wanted a university degree  
had to give four years to high school  
and another four to college. To  
Hutchins, this seemed a shameful  
waste. So, a few years ago, he  
startled the academic world by in-  
augurating what has become known  
as The Chicago Plan—a system  
which combines the last two years  
of high school and the first two  
years of college into one four-year  
program of general education.

The Plan is predicated on his  
belief that a student's educational  
progress should be governed by the  
rate at which he is able to absorb  
knowledge, rather than by time  
and an adding machine. Chicago  
students, therefore, need no high-  
school credits for admission, are not  
compelled to attend classes, and  
may take examinations any time  
they feel ready for them.

Hutchins likes to assume that the  
10,961 youngsters presently en-  
rolled in the \$143,000,000 Univer-  
sity of Chicago are there because  
they want to learn how to live a  
full life and how to think clearly—  
not to please their relatives, cheer  
the varsity team or acquire influ-  
ential fraternity brothers. Thus, in  
Hutchins' own words, his students  
do not confuse the university "with  
social clubs, reform schools, body-  
building institutes, sports arenas  
and WPA projects."

They have no football team and  
no vocational training. They es-  
cape what Chancellor Hutchins  
calls "trivialization." They also es-  
cape what he considers disintegra-  
tion in education, by which he  
means too much workaday speciali-  
zation and not enough basic back-  
ground knowledge.

The purpose of a college, he  
holds, is not to train people for  
specific jobs, but to "act as beacons  
to the community, illuminating the  
lives of our people." Lawyers, for  
example, should be "educated as  
well as trained," and as for en-  
gineers: "Many engineering schools  
do not teach English; they teach  
Engineering English, a lingo which  
effectively cuts their graduates off  
from communication with every-  
body but other engineers. Yet 50  
per cent of the graduates of en-  
gineering schools do not go into  
engineering and therefore cannot  
communicate with anybody, except  
at alumni reunions."

He insists that universities should  
not only teach but study. To make  
this possible at Chicago, he in-  
stituted a system by which faculty  
members may devote full time to  
education and research, are paid  
decent salaries for doing so, and  
turn over to the university any  
additional money they earn.

Hardest-hit financially by this  
procedure is Hutchins himself, for  
his income from books, magazine  
articles, lectures and his many other  
activities, such as the editorial chair-  
manship of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, is certainly the largest in the  
University.

Just as he encourages professors  
to go on with their individual  
education, Hutchins labors to per-

suade all adults to continue to educate themselves. Hence he travels constantly over the nation, urging adults to study the 432 Great Books "to stimulate independent and critical thought about world problems." The Great Books Course was launched in Chicago a few years ago with 162 reader-students from all walks of life. Now there are classes in virtually every city and in many towns, and Hutchins expects 15,000,000 adults to be eventually enrolled.

**WATCHING HIM PLUNGE** headlong from one tremendous project into another, friends often wonder why Chancellor Hutchins doesn't crack up. One answer is his extraordinary ability to concentrate: he can break off a conversation on one subject, wage a long argument on another, then return to the original topic without dropping a participle. Another reason is his orderly heritage.

His family tree, rooted in New England, includes 278 years of doctors, ministers, educators and sea captains. His father, the Rev. William James Hutchins, was pastor of Bedford Presbyterian Church in Brooklyn, New York, when Robert was born there in 1899. Eight years later, the father was appointed to the faculty of Oberlin College, and the family moved to Ohio. When Robert was 18 and a student at Oberlin, he joined the U.S. Ambulance Corps and was sent to Italy where he won the Croce di Guerra—how, he won't say. "I suspect," he once remarked solemnly, "it was for being poisoned by a can of sardines."

At 20, with the war ended, he

enrolled at Yale, largely because his father and brother William had gone there. He loves Yale, but once, in speaking of its academic system, he referred to it humorously as "a boys' finishing school; quite nice, really"—an observation which threw Old Grads into a furore.

"My great difficulty," he reports, "was making up my mind what to study. I might have made an able historian if only I had been able to remember anything. Or a mathematician, except that I couldn't add. I couldn't think, either, so that excluded me from philosophy. The only thing left was law, for which you don't have to know anything at all. That was for me. I went for law."

Hutchins received his A. B. in 1921, and that September he married Maude Phelps McVeigh, sculptress and poetess. For 18 months he taught English at Lake Placid School, commuting to Yale to continue his law studies. But his record at the university had marked him as a bright young man, and in 1923, when he was 24, he was appointed secretary of Yale University, an important full-time position. Still expecting to be an attorney, he continued as a law student, sprinting between office and classroom. After two years of this he was awarded his LL.B. at the head of his class in 1925.

Before he could paint his name on a legal shingle, a lecturer at Yale law school came down with appendicitis and Hutchins was persuaded to take the job. Shortly he became a full professor—still doubling as the university's secretary. In 1927, he was named acting dean of the law school, and the following

year he became dean. Thus, at 29, he attained a coveted top rung of the educational ladder.

Without pausing to adjust his laurels, he plunged into a reorganization of the law school, adding courses in psychology and economics on the premise that a lawyer might find it handy to know a little about human nature and a lot about how to collect his fees.

In the midst of this he became a cofounder of the now-famous Yale Institute of Human Relations — and wangled a Rockefeller grant to finance it. People began to call him "The Boy Wonder." Before long, he was asked to speak at a meeting of law teachers at Chicago. Next day Hutchins was invited to lunch with several local nabobs. After picking his brains assiduously, they offered him the presidency of the University of Chicago.

"I accepted," he reports gravely, "before they could discover their horrible mistake."

He was 30 when he took office. He was elevated to chancellor in 1945. And all during his tenure at Chicago, it has been a dull year that Hutchins hasn't hit the nation's headlines.

He is frequently accused, with considerable truth, of being unwilling to let well enough alone, and is sometimes charged with doing sensational things merely because they are sensational.

Sydney J. Harris, writing in the *Chicago Daily News* in 1943, rationalized the man this way:

"Hutchins does all the things a college president shouldn't do, according to the academic rule books

—fights with the faculty, chastises the students, ignores the donors. And they all keep coming back for more.

"The boys at the downtown clubs, suspect of his politics, used to call him a Communist. The pinkos, critical of his scholarship, used to call him a Fascist. The other educators just called him anything nasty they could think of.

"But the secret of Hutchins is that there is no secret. He is open and direct, independent and unafraid of being called names.

"This 'Communist' was one of the board of governors of the New York Stock Exchange, and was invited to become its president. This 'Fascist' defended Sacco and Vanzetti, fought Hearst and the *Chicago Tribune* during an investigation of 'Red' teachings at the University, and has spoken up sharply for social and economic reforms.

"Neither a Democrat nor a Republican, he supported Norman Thomas in 1932, Roosevelt in 1936, then broke with the New Deal on foreign policy. Some of his best friends are Union League Club Republicans, but he can be just as friendly with anarchists.

"This 'dreamy idealist' raised some \$52,000,000 for the school in his first ten years there—and \$500,000 of it came from the man who had instigated the 'Red' investigation. This 'wisecracking smart aleck' is at bottom something of the Puritan and moral reformer. His favorite nouns are 'honor,' 'truth,' 'justice,' 'wisdom,' 'temperance,' 'fortitude,' and 'prudence.'

"Traditionally, a college presi-



dent is a money raiser, a banquet speaker, a party goer and a club joiner. Robert M. Hutchins is all these things, because he has to be. But he is also an educator, because he wants to be."

His enemies still sometimes question Hutchins' political leanings, but there has been much less of this since last April when, in a radio broadcast, he said:

"The peoples of the earth want freedom and justice. They do not want to be individuals without duties or automatons without rights. Communism denies them freedom. . . . The tradition of free expression, a free press, and political parties work against communism. Invention in the arts, discovery in the sciences, restlessness, humor, rational skepticism and religious faith work against it.

"We should strain our minds and imaginations to invent a political structure which may unite the world in freedom and justice. The aim is unity, which comes by agreement; not unification, which is imposed by force. The aim is a world state which rests not on the uneasy, impermanent, and unjust foundation of conquest but on the durable basis of the consent of the governed."

WHILE LIGHTNING FLASHES around his head, Chancellor Hutchins, who is six-feet-three and weighs a sturdy 185, strides his chosen path with unruffled serenity and good humor. In his cloister at the University of Chicago or in his modern study at the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, he works in shirt sleeves at desks cluttered with manuscripts and reference books.

Up at 5:30 A.M., he brews his own pre-breakfast coffee and has a day's work behind him before the start of office hours. But he will go to any extreme, including white lies and feigned illness, to get to bed by 10 P.M. If he can't sleep, he reads detective stories in German.

When he has a knotty problem to solve, he is apt to take a pencil, a pad and a can of angleworms and flee to a lakeside cottage near Mundelein, Illinois, some 25 miles from Chicago. There, in dungarees, he jackknives his lanky frame into a rowboat and goes fishing. If the fish don't bother him, he writes daffy doggerel to amuse his friends —while the rest of his brain unties his problem. In this idyllic setting, he is credited with the now-famous remark: "Whenever I feel the need of exercise, I lie down until the feeling passes."

His holidays have been rare since the birth of the Atomic Age. Hutchins has speeded up. His candor and courage have become even more marked, and the controversies he sets off—innocently, he insists—are increasingly furious as his activities become increasingly international. Part of this is attributable to his habit of shooting from the hip, a trait which appalls his friends and makes ammunition for his enemies. Under questioning, particularly in press conferences, he is apt to flash answers so brilliant yet so dryly witty that they are misunderstood.

"Probably," hazards one of his admirers, "some of it is because he will not try to sell himself. He refuses to talk down. He has uncommon ideas, and I suppose he finds it difficult to find common terms

for them, so he resorts to his peculiar sharp humor."

Another explanation may be the fact that a large share of his rhetoric lies in facial expressions: a subtle but unmistakable indication of whether his words are to be taken literally or figuratively is apt to be conveyed by a twinkle, a lifted brow, a faraway glance or a rasp of the voice. But whatever the explanation, he has a magnificent gift for antagonizing humorless people who believe majestic problems should be approached with reverent solemnity.

Even when discussing the atom, Hutchins is seldom painfully solemn. "In August, 1945," he told an audience not long ago, "we all ran for the nearest exit, shouting: 'There must never be another war; we must have world government right away; save civilization!' Day after day, the agencies of mass communication pointed out that we could now destroy ourselves in so cheap, spectacular, swift, effective

and horrible a fashion that at last something really significant would have to be done about introducing law into the world and reforming the peculiar animals who inhabit it.

"But now we have returned to our normal occupations. We are absorbed in the seesaw of labor and management, the wickedness of the Russians, the fate of Tweedledum and Tweedledee, by which I mean, of course, the political parties, and the prospects of further reduced taxation. We have succeeded in forgetting what we all know—that the shadow of atomic power alters the whole outlook of life."

Finding means to convert that shadow from an omen of evil to a reality of good has become Hutchins' ruling passion. To a few, he appears to wear the divine mantle of an Old Testament prophet; to most, he is a lonely voice crying in a wilderness of preoccupation. But whether he succeeds or fails, one thing is certain: Robert Maynard Hutchins will never stop trying.

## It Happened

## on Fifth Avenue



A LITTLE ITALIAN street musician had selected the curb in front of St. Patrick's Cathedral on Fifth Avenue in New York to render *The Wearing of the Green*. All his notes were off pitch and one or two of them missed fire completely, but the tune was unmistakable. Worshippers passed in and out of the cathedral but no coin dropped into the little tin cup.

Then up the Avenue came a serene and compelling figure. Ignace Jan Paderewski had just fin-

ished a recital where thousands had sat entranced by the magic of his music. His attention was attracted by the little Italian and his pathetic enterprise. Here was another artist, whose recital was not yet finished. From his wallet Paderewski extracted a bill which he placed in the tin cup. Then, facing the little Italian, the great artist removed his silk hat, bowed respectfully and with grave dignity, then turned silently and resumed his walk.

One artist had greeted another.

—JOHN TERENCE McGOVERN, *Diogenes Discovers Us*



There's a dramatic lesson you won't soon forget in this poignant story of Mr. On Loong, a proud and gallant gentleman who made Death wait while he completed his final assignment



## THE GOVERNOR'S DRESS SHIRT

by ROBERT STANDISH

**H**IS EXCELLENCY, MAJ. GEN. Sir Gaulfrey Blood-Widdicombe, K.C.M.G., Governor and Commander in Chief of Newcastle Island and its Dependencies, was angry. He strode across his dressing room and seized the old-fashioned

bellrope, giving it such a mighty tug that the mounting came away from the wall above his head, bringing with it some thirty pounds of plaster, the greater part of which descended on the author of this minor catastrophe.

The basement region of Government House awoke. It sent cock-

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roaches scurrying to their holes; it caused Samson, the senior cook, to drop a ladleful of scalding soup onto his huge black foot, an event which he signalized with a bellow of agony; it even galvanized into activity His Excellency's valet, to whom the message of the bell was primarily directed. Dropping the sugar cane which he had been sucking, he dived towards the basement staircase, up which he galloped four stairs at a time.

On the main floor, the valet's passage was halted while the cool impersonal voice of Capt. the Hon. Percival Knobthwaite (pronounced Nuthut), D.S.O., aide-de-camp to His Excellency, inquired: "Anything wrong?"

"Ah dunno, sah. De bell rings an' Ah runs!"

"Well, you'd better find out what His Excellency wants. . . ."

The valet continued his upward flight towards the main bedroom floor, from which already came sounds of strife. Her Excellency's gentle contralto was beating vainly against her spouse's parade-ground baritone which, in splendid years gone, had been known to cause minor Himalayan landslides. The valet shrank inconspicuously into gloom beside a vast wardrobe.

"But you shouldn't have pulled the rope so hard, Gaulfrey," said Her Excellency in the kind of soothing tone which only inflames. "Go and have a shower and get all that ridiculous plaster off you. While you are doing that, I will try to find out what has happened to your dress shirts."

"Where's that black ape who looks after my things?" snarled the Governor. "Ah! There you are,"

he went on, observing the valet, who by this time was almost paralyzed with fear. "What's happened to my dress shirts?"

"Not come back from wash!"

"I have three dozen dress shirts," said the Governor in ominously calm tones. "How many of them haven't come back?"

"Three dozen not come back."

"It isn't Peter's fault, Gaulfrey," said Her Excellency. "I forgot to tell you, but I sent a servant to find out what was wrong. The poor old Chinese laundryman is ill."

"Then why in blazes weren't the shirts sent to another laundry?"

"Because, Gaulfrey, you yourself gave explicit instructions that nobody else was to starch your shirts. You said that none of the others could do it properly, and . . ."

"Good God Almighty!" belellowed the Governor. "Am I supposed to be a bloody clairvoyant? How do you expect me to know about the illnesses of some blasted Chinese laundryman? How . . .?"

"I think you'd better go now, Peter," said Lady Blood-Widdicombe to the trembling valet.

"Is there anything I can do, sir?" came the cool voice of Captain Knobthwaite. "I heard a noise and thought. . . ."

"Yes, Knobthwaite, there is something you can do," said the Governor, the veins on his forehead standing out through the thick coating of dust which concealed the em-purpled rage of his countenance. "It is now almost 6 o'clock. At 7:30, you may recall, I am host to this blasted German admiral and his staff. Somewhere on this island there are three dozen dirty boiled shirts belonging to me. I want just

one of them before 7:15. I don't care how you get it—but get it! If necessary, call out the Police, the Fire Brigade and the Militia."

"It is rather urgent, Percy," said Lady Blood-Widdicombe tactfully. "I would be so grateful if you would arrange for a car to be sent at once."

"I'll go myself," said the A.D.C., effacing himself thankfully.

"Now, Gaulfrey," said Lady Blood-Widdicombe, "go to the shower. If you hadn't given orders that nobody else but that old Chinaman was to launder your shirts, there would be clean ones lying on the shelf this minute. You'll feel better when you're dressed."

"I shan't feel better when I'm dressed," snarled the Governor. "I shall feel much worse. You talk as though I enjoy wearing a boiled shirt in this blasted Turkish-bath climate. I don't do it for pleasure: I do it because it is my duty."

"I don't invite fat-necked German admirals and their convict-cropped staffs to dine for pleasure, either. I do so because the Colonial Office, at the request of the Admiralty, have instructed me to show them every courtesy. Therefore, I require a dress shirt."

His Excellency stalked off to the shower, leaving his wife to wonder

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Robert Standish, author of *The Three Bamboos*, *Bonin*, and other novels about the Orient, has been a tea planter in Ceylon, a rubber planter in Malaya, and a journalist in China, Japan and Siberia. He spent many months in the West Indies gathering material for his novel, *Mr. On Loong*, from which this dramatic excerpt was taken. According to its author, the book was designed "to prove that the so-called 'color questions' have nothing to do with color."

what had happened to the handsome sunburned hero who, on his return from the South African War 12 years previously, had married her after a whirlwind courtship.

WILLIAMSTOWN, SEAT of Government of Newcastle Island, straggles for a mile along a narrow strip of land which divides the mountains from a beach of coral sand on the Caribbean side. At the northern end of the town, the road turns into the mountains, leaving on its seaward side a grassy knoll.

On the knoll, close beside a fresh-water pool, stood a small shack, built laboriously from timber salvaged from the town's junk piles. Its roof, painted vivid green, was made from flattened-out tin cans. Below the fresh-water pool was a neatly tended garden, some quarter of an acre in extent.

Inside the shack, more than half the space was filled with great linen bags, suspended from hooks in the beams. The bags bulged hideously, filled with a motley collection of white duck suits, shirts, sheets, pillowcases, women's underwear, handkerchiefs, towels and a dozen more items belonging to the leading white families of Williamstown.

On a stretcher bed lay the emaciated figure of its owner who, shaken every few minutes by a weak cough, wiped his blood-flecked lips upon a towel, which he hid furtively under the blanket. Despite the blanket and the breathless humid heat of a tropical afternoon, the sick man shivered. For a few minutes at a time he was able to focus conscious eyes on the vast accumulation of dirty clothes which, he was now beginning to realize, he would

never live to launder to the sweet freshness to which no other laundryman in Williamstown could aspire.

His was a humble trade, but On Loong was proud of it. Within the limits of his ability, he was a perfectionist. The Negro laundresses frayed a white duck suit to destruction in a dozen washings, but under On Loong's skilled and careful hands, that was about the time a duck suit reached its prime.

More than all, On Loong liked to prove his skill upon fine dress shirts. The secret was to dip the shirt in a weak solution of starch. Then, after the first ironing, fronts and cuffs were built up in the way he had learned long ago in Hong Kong. The final ironing gave them the surface of a glazed porcelain, without the boardlike rigidity given to linen by an amateur. But as he turned these thoughts over in his mind, there came the sad certainty that, for him, the sense of achievement in ironing was no more.

The afternoon sun, filtered through a coconut palm, told him that it was now 4 o'clock. In a few minutes, his beloved son John would be home from school. It would be a sad homecoming, for On Loong did not expect to see the morrow's sun rise. The thought that he would soon see his son caused the dying man to smile. Even to smile had become almost too much, for his yellow skin, tightly drawn across high cheekbones, had somehow lost all resilience. But the best part of the smile was in the dark brown eyes, so deeply sunken that they viewed the narrowing world as through a tunnel.

For a while On Loong's eyes closed in a fitful sleep. He lived

once more the long lonely years of exile since, as a bright-eyed boy of 16, he had stepped ashore in Port of Spain to make his fortune. It was there he had met John's mother, an almond-eyed daughter of China who, when he first saw her, had been barely seven years of age. For 12 years he had worked and planned, scraped and saved. Then they were married and set out together on the great adventure.

From Trinidad they had sailed aboard a schooner bound for Newcastle Island. Nearly all their capital had gone to buy the small piece of land on which he and his bride had built the little house in which the great adventure was now ending. Five years had elapsed before John was born and then, trembling with joy as he held his first-born son, he felt an icy grip around his heart as the life of the child's mother slipped away with the dawn.

Then, as now, On Loong had been the only man of his race in the colony. It had been bad enough fighting the quiet contempt of the white people and the implacable hostility of the black. But with his wife at his side it had been easier to face the long hours of toil. With her passing, On Loong had borne a double share of toil, with the added worries of caring for an infant son.

There was no compulsory education in the Colony, so it would have been easier latterly if he had succumbed to the temptation to take his son from school. But On Loong would not do this. John, his teachers said, was a brilliant boy, and On Loong had all a Chinese peasant's reverence for learning. He saw it as the key to emancipation from a life of menial toil. He had refused

to let John learn the laundryman's craft so that the boy would have no excuse for following in his father's footsteps. John was to be the first of his line to become a scholar: to a scholar all things were possible.

The nail on which one of the bags of laundry was hung drew from the rotting beam. The soft thump of the bag's falling awoke On Loong. He struggled to reach it, fearing lest, even in the few minutes before his son's arrival from school, the voracious rats would damage the contents. The damage done by rats in one unforgettable night of carelessness had cost On Loong the fruits of five weeks' toil. He had paid every penny, for it had been almost his chief pride that he had never incurred a debt, large or small, which he had not liquidated.

Strive as he would, On Loong could not reach the bag. The attempt cost another fit of coughing and another clot of blood to be concealed in the towel. Hardly had this been put under the blanket when John, breathless with running, entered the shack. John was tall for his 12 years, slender and erect. Like the Negro children whose school he attended, he wore neither hat nor shoes. His skin was honey-colored rather than yellow. His was a pleasing, open face, but now the lad's brow knitted with concern as he looked at his father.

"It is better I should find the doctor," said John.

"Stay!" called the dying man. "It is too late for the doctor, my son. Little time remains to us and there is much to say."

Although John had never seen death, some instinctive wisdom left no room for doubt that he was in

its presence. He wasted no time in useless protestations, but accepted the awful finality calmly.

"First there is the matter of my good name," said the dying man. "I have carried my head high in this strange land and am no man's debtor. Here is the book. On these last pages"—On Loong produced from beneath his pillow a long account book frayed at the edges—"are the lists of all the unwashed clothes in the bags yonder.

"Beside each name you will find the property of each: Tomorrow you will hire from Jackson the farmer his best cart and, before you seek your rest tomorrow night, you will deliver the bags, each to its proper house. You understand?"

"I understand, my father!"

"Then you will cause to be printed in the newspaper that I am gone to join my ancestors. You are a scholar, so I leave the words to you, but you will thank my customers for their trust in me, telling them that only sickness caused me to fail them as I never failed them before. You understand?"

"I understand, my father!"

"Now pass me the metal box from the upper shelf."

With a key which he wore round his neck, On Loong unlocked a tin cash box and extracted a tattered savings bankbook. "You will take this to the manager of the bank, who has a piece of signed paper from me which says that everything is yours. In the bank are \$412 and a few cents. There remain to be collected debts with a total of \$87. You will collect these to the last penny, remembering as you do so that they are your father's just due.

"The manager of the bank has

also in his keeping the deed to this piece of land. Do not sell it. A piece of land is good for a man's soul. To buy this I sweated among the sugar canes in Trinidad for 12 years. This small piece of land is a part of me and it will be a part of you. . . ."

The dying man's voice faded to a whisper. "There is something more?" asked John.

"Yes, my son. Carry me outside the house. I am but the weight of a child and I would see my land for the last time."

It was a pitifully easy task. John carried his father to a cane chair which commanded a view of the tiny domain. "Have me buried yonder," On Loong gasped, pointing to a clump of vivid poinsettias. "Your mother lies there among the shrubs she planted . . . she was a good woman. Now listen carefully, son, for this is the last time you will hear your father's voice."

"I will remember everything, father," the boy replied.

"There are three things I must say. First, it is my wish that you spend a few more years becoming a scholar and that you will not wash clothes. Second, remember that to possess money is vastly important, but that to be possessed by money is worse than death. I have observed always that happiness escapes the very rich and the very poor, so balance your life between these. Last, my son, I ask of you a promise. If the gods are kind to you, send my bones back to the land of our fathers.

"In the box you will find the name of the small village whence I came, together with the names of blood relations who may yet be alive. There is our ancestral grave-

yard, and it is there I would like to rest and to know that one day—may it be long deferred—you and your sons will join me."

"I promise, my father. There is one further matter on which I seek guidance, for when you are gone there is none of our race here to whom I may turn."

"Quick, son! What is it?"

"Should I learn and live by the religion of our fathers, or should I grow to manhood as a Christian?"

"You must search in your own heart for the answer," gasped On Loong. "Do as seems right always. It may be—who knows?—that this is less the end than the beginning. It may be that from where I go now I shall be able to watch over you . . . remember always that you have no need to be ashamed of the name you bear . . . and the clothes . . . the name is on each bag. There must be no mistake. . . ."

The red rim of the setting sun touched the sea, setting in motion the vast black velvet curtain of tropical night. In all the lonely years of toil, On Loong had never failed to be moved to the depths of his soul by the drama of the dying day. Now—and for the last time—his tired, emaciated face shone with an undiminished wonderment. He faced the uncharted future with a fearless calm.

**J**UST AS THE POOLS of shadow along the coast were merging into one great pool, a car's headlights were seen from the direction of Williams-town. The car came to an abrupt stop 50 yards away and a moment later three figures came into view. In the lead was a Negro sergeant of police, with a lantern. Close

behind was Peter, valet to the Governor, and bringing up the rear, revealing by the set of his shoulders that he was on a distasteful mission, was Captain Knobthwaite, A.D.C.

"Dere's no light in de house, sah!" said the sergeant.

"That means we're sunk!" ejaculated the A.D.C. gloomily. He did not relish the idea of returning shirtless to Government House. Even with a full equipment of clothing, the Governor was not an easy man to deal with, but shirtless he did not bear contemplation.

"If you gibs me leave, sah, I break into de house," the sergeant volunteered.

"Good God! You can't do that, man!" said the A.D.C., recoiling with all an Englishman's horror at the idea of lawless entry into another's home.

"There is something I can do for you?" came John's high-pitched voice from the darkness.

"Who are you?" asked the A.D.C.

"I am the son of On Loong," said John, hoping he would be able to check his tears.

"Thank God! I am from Government House. Your father has all the Governor's dress shirts. I must take one back with me—now."

"But they have not been washed, sir. My father is not well. . . ."

"Sorry and all that, but your father must somehow finish one of the shirts now. It's very important."

"But, sir. . . ."

"You heard me? I've got to have that shirt now—at once! Where is your father?"

"My father," said the son of On Loong, choking a sob and taking the lantern from the sergeant's hand,

"is here. But he is dying, sir!"

On Loong coughed weakly. Bubbles of blood-flecked foam wreathed his thin lips. By the light of the lantern, there could be seen the glittering pin points of sweat on his brow.

"Governor shall have shirt!" gasped the dying man. "My son," he said to John in their own tongue, "carry me back into the house."

Once again John lifted the pitiful burden, walking past the horror-struck trio and into the little shack.

"I am most desperately sorry," said the A.D.C., conscious of a lump gathering in his throat. "Of course your father mustn't dream of . . . you see, I had no idea . . . Good God! I'll send for a doctor at once. To hell with the bloody shirts!"

A few seconds later, with the sergeant beside him, the Government House chauffeur was driving furiously in the direction of Williamstown. Captain Knobthwaite, meanwhile, stood in the doorway of the shack, watching the little drama within.

Father and son now ignored the others and there was about them a quiet compulsion and force which brooked no interference.

"Bring me the Government House bag," said On Loong. "There is one shirt less dirty than the others. Do as I bid you and all will be well. But first, light the charcoal in the iron. Let one of these others blow upon it, for we shall need a great heat. We shall need hot water, too, for the starch . . . the fire, quick!"

With the first gleam of red from the charcoal, John handed the heavy flatiron to Knobthwaite, who began obediently to blow into the miniature charcoal furnace which

was a part of it. Meanwhile, Peter, the Governor's valet, fed wood into an old-fashioned stove to heat water. On Loong, his eyes now strangely bright and alert, sat propped with pillows on his stretch-out bed. There was a look of great contentment upon his drawn face.

To the Englishman in the door, who had often seen On Loong in Williamstown or working in his garden, a great transformation seemed to have taken place: the flat, weather-beaten face of this simple Chinese peasant assumed lines of nobility and great dignity. There was, indeed, in the laundryman's tired heart a fierce pride of achievement, the surge of which enabled him to find the strength to live a few minutes longer.

"I set myself a humble ladder to climb," he mused, "but such as it was, I rose to the top. Nobody in all the island has a better way with fine linens, in witness whereof here in my little house there waits the Governor's own representative."

One by one John held before his father's eyes the Governor's shirts, until he came to the one which On Loong remembered as having been barely soiled. "Do exactly as I say, son, and all will be well."

There was silence in the shack except for the whispered orders of On Loong. With boiling water John mixed a cup of starch, stirring it to the consistency of rich milk. "Now cool it with a little cold water," said On Loong, "and leave it to stand awhile. Now take a pitcher of cold water, fill your mouth with it and blow a fine mist of water over every part of the shirt . . . yes, that is good . . . now turn the shirt inside out and do the

same . . . let me touch it to see if it is ready for the iron . . . no, not yet, I can smell from here that the iron is too hot . . . now iron out the creases in the soft part of the shirt, taking care not to touch the starched front or the cuffs yet . . . they will come later . . . that is better . . . long, swift, light strokes of the iron. . . ."

To John, handling the flatiron for the first time in his life, the fumes from the charcoal were agony. His eyes watered and he coughed dryly. He wondered how his father had endured long days—sometimes as many as 16 hours—breathing such fumes.

On his father's instructions, John filled his mouth with the now-cool starch, and blew as finely as he could across the shirt-front until all the glaze from the previous ironing had become dull.

"Now hold it over the stove," said On Loong, "taking care that no smut settles on it. A few seconds only and then the iron—it must be hot, very hot."

This process was repeated several times until a fine glaze had been built up on the front and cuffs. "No can do more better!" said On Loong, while John stood back to admire his own handiwork.

Captain Knobthwaite looked at his watch uncomfortably. He had almost forgotten the Governor. The gesture was less to ascertain the time than to cover his hideous embarrassment. He had wanted to walk away softly, leaving father and son to their grief and privacy, but as the Chinese laundryman fought to stave off death for a little while, he seemed to have acquired a new dignity—almost majesty.

Perhaps it was that he was in the

presence of familiar things and processes, of which he knew himself master, giving to those around him a sense of their own inferiority in at least one sphere.

The A.D.C. had, too, all the Englishman's dislike of an emotional scene and he was uncomfortably aware that at any moment he might make a fool of himself. He kept his eyes averted from the light lest glistening tears betray him.

Meanwhile, now that the fevered activity was over and Peter was wrapping the errant shirt in clean newspaper, a silence fell upon the room. There seemed nothing to sustain the action. On Loong appeared strained, patient, alert, as though too polite to resume his dying until the guests had departed.

John, now that his task was done, was once more a small, grief-stricken boy, eyes rounded in horror in the knowledge of what was imminent. The Negro valet wept unashamedly. Again Knobthwaite looked at his watch.

At length, there came the car's headlights, and in a few moments the sergeant ushered Dr. Summerskill into the shack. On Loong shook his head weakly and smiled.

There was apology in the smile. Perfunctorily, the doctor applied a stethoscope to the dying man's chest and then he, too, shook his head.

"Any use moving him to the hospital?" asked Knobthwaite.

"Not the smallest," said the doctor, walking softly towards the door. "Better leave them together."

It was impossible, mused Knobthwaite, to leave thus abruptly. But from all the vast choice of words and phrases in the English language, there seemed none to fit the moment, even if the lump in his throat would permit it.

Knobthwaite strode across to the dying man's bedside and, taking On Loong's thin nerveless hand in his, shook it warmly. Then, without saying a word, he left the shack. The others followed.

"We can't leave that lad there alone for the night," he croaked a moment later in a broken voice which betrayed him. "Sergeant! Stay here until I send someone out to relieve you."

"Yes, sah!" said the sergeant of police with a sob which shook his burly frame.

"And stop that blubbering, you great ape!"

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